The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

We live under a Democratic President now and the rebel debt won't be paid—this will make the rads feel bad.

If any of our Republican friends wish to know what kind of a President Cleveland is going to be they can find it outlined by reading his inaugural.

There will be no persecution of Republicans during a Democratic administration—the government will be conducted for the best interests of the whole.

The bill No. 64 now before the State Senate, apportioning the State into Senatorial districts puts us into the XXXII district, made up of Clearfield and Clinton.

President Arthur conducted himself like a gentleman during the inauguration of Cleveland, and leaves the presidential chair with the respect of the people of all parties.

The Lewisburg Saturday *News* is a little "previous" in its Inauguration pictures. The one, "Cleveland reading his inaugural address," don't hit—Cleveland didn't read. Postpone the picture for 1889, neighbor, may hit then.

The first official act of President Cleveland after appointing his cabinet was to place his signature to the commission of General Grant as an officer on the army retired list, with the rank of General.

Preparations are being made near Mifflintown for the meeting of the Brethren conference on May 23. Twenty-five steers of 1000 to 2000 pounds each, with 600 pounds of ham, 1000 pounds of coffee, 2500 pounds of sugar, 1000 pounds of cheese and numerous other large quantities of things for the inner man have been provided.

The following is the new cabinet:
Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State.
Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury.
L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior.
Wm. C. Endicott, Secretary of War.
William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy.
H. H. Garland, Attorney General.
Wm. F. Vilas, Postmaster General.

We notice that Senator Wallace introduced a bill in the State Senate authorthorizing the election of Assessors for three years. This is a measure that should receive the sanction of every Senator and Member of the house; and the approval of every tax-payer, because by the bill the attempt is made, as the reader will observe, to educate the Assessor in the line of his duty, as we do in all the other affairs of men, in which so much is involved as there is in the work of an Assessor upon which all taxation is based.

This is well put by the *World*: What funny fellows Republican politicians are! They insist that Republican rule has been a blessing to the nation and has made us great, glorious and prosperous. Yet when they give up power they leave the country without a navy, without commerce, broken down in business, overshadowed by monopolies, burdened with an over-coinage of silver, with labor unemployed and an enormous idle surplus in the Treasury.

Gen. Black, of Illinois, has been appointed Commissioner of Pensions.

The Senate confirmed Cleveland's cabinet—same as was printed in Reporter last week.

Riddleberger, the Virginia repudiator senator, raised objections to Cleveland's cabinet appointments, thereby showing he was the only ass on the Republican side.

Grant is getting better.

T. S. Arthur, the popular writer, died in Philadelphia, aged 76.

We notice by our Lock Haven exchanges that a meeting of the stockholders of the Nittany Valley & Southern R. R. Co. was held at the office of Hon. S. R. Peale, in that city, on Jan. 25. It was decided to merge the Co. with the Bellefonte & Buffalo Run Railroad Company. Several months ago the Nittany Valley route was abandoned and the terminus changed to Beech Creek, where the road will connect with the B. C., C. & S. W. Railroad. The name of the corporation is the Buffalo Run, Bellefonte & Bald Eagle Railroad Company. Gen. James A. Beaver was chosen President, and the following directors elected: Edmund Blanchard, J. D. Shugert, Frank McCoy, W. H. Blair, C. A. Mayer, Wm. A. Wallace, D. G. Bush and Philip Collins. The contract for building has been awarded to Collins Bro., who will begin work as soon as the weather is favorable. The road is to be built from Bellefonte to Beech Creek, the Buffalo Run part being already completed.

Cleveland's inaugural is in another column. We had the good fortune to hear every word of it as it was delivered It is plain in language, full of good sense, patriotic, breathes a true Christian spirit, and tho' brief, it covers the entire Union in language to be comprehended by the humblest citizen. Cleveland has started in well. We print the inauguration ceremonies in this issue in as brief space as possible so as to give the reader a general idea of the grandest celebration, civic and military, ever witnessed in this country.

Neal Dow is out of sorts and issues the following important message to the Republican party:

With great reluctance I have abandoned the Republican party finally. I have no longer any doubt that it has deliberately made an alliance—offensive and defensive—with the beer and whisky interests of the country. It is not possible on any other hypothesis to account for the attitude of the party in Maine of offensive and insulting antagonism to Prohibition and active sympathy with the low, vile, secret grog shops which infest our large towns. "Carthage must be destroyed."

The bill introduced in the State Senate by Senator Wallace to regulate the election of assessors is so framed as to merit the most favorable consideration. It provides that the chief assessor of each township or taxing district shall be elected in the year after the triennial assessment and shall hold office for three years, the last year of his term being, of course, that of the most important of the series of assessments. Senator Wallace's bill provides that assistant assessors shall be elected in the year of this triennial assessment, to hold office for one year, and fixes February, 1886 as the date of the next election of a chief assessor and February, 1888, as the date of the choice of assistant assessors in the event of its passage.

From Pittsburg it is announced that the coal miners strike which was inaugurated on 8 promises to be the greatest war for wages ever fought by the colliers of that district. Of the 1,200 miners in the Pittsburg district it is estimated that seven-eighths are out for a three cent rate. The river and railroad miners have joined hands, and it is confidently asserted by the leaders that the demand will be almost unanimous.

There is also a great miners' strike in England. A strike of 35,000 miners against a reduction of 10 per cent in wages is impending at Rotherham. If, as if expected, the South Stafford miners join the strike, the total number of miners idle will be 55,000.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.

Superstitious people are being attracted by the coincidence of the ill fortune that has attended almost everybody who has had anything to do with the Guiteau trial, and the evil predictions, spiteful ejaculations and curses against them by the half maniac assassin. The district attorney against whom his fiercest curses were directed, has been grievously afflicted. The sudden death of his wife, his practical suspension during the Star-route trials and the loss of his office, were among his misfortunes. Two of the officers who had Guiteau in charge have died, one of them having been murdered.

A streak of bad luck has attended the jury that tried him. One has since died, another has been in an insane assylum, two have failed in business, and some of the rest have seen trouble of various kinds since the verdict was rendered. The judge who sentenced him was the owner of a hotel building which suddenly collapsed without warning one night last summer, killing several people and causing him a pecuniary loss. One of the physicians, who testified that Guiteau was insane afterwards came nearly being murdered by an insane patient. Another of the medical witnesses had serious legal trouble, and a third died in the midst of a lucrative practice. Schofield, the the brother-in-law who defended him, became involved in domestic trouble, followed by divorce. Marshall Henry, who had Guiteau in charge, was soon after discharged from his office in some disgrace.

Not the least singular of the coincidences was, when in one of his moments of passion, not long before his execution, he held his Bible high in the air, and with eyes rolling and teeth gnashing, exclaimed that the republican party was doomed and that the last republican president was serving. At the same time he pronounced some rambling maledictions against President Arthur, asserting that his party would repudiate him and nominate Blaine and then be swept out of existence. These are circumstances that make a very curious case, and, to the minds of the superstious, gives a supernatural appearance to Guiteau's maledictions.

An old subscriber of the Reporter, clubbing with a new name, and sending us $5 in advance, will each get the Reporter and the "Weekly World" 1 year

CLEVELAND.

INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT.

Washington, March 4.—A better day for the celebration of any such event never dawned than was to-day. Hundreds of people did not go to bed last night at all, but contented themselves in walking the streets, anxious for the dawning of day. Many of them carried grip sacks in hand, while a few held their visiting clothes in bandboxes. At an early hour the people began to fill the streets and when the time for the formation of the parade had arrived, the largest number of people that this city has probably ever seen patiently awaited the order to march. All the stands that had been erected for the occasion were packed. The housetops were lined with people, and every available place from which a glimpse of the procession could be obtained was occupied. The profuse decorations fluttered in the morning breze while contentment sat enthroned upon every face. Precisely at 10 o'clock the carriage containing President Arthur, President-elect Clevaland, Senators Sherman and Ransom, followed by a carriage containing the vice-president-elect and Senator Hawley, were driven to the capitol, and the scenes along the route baffles description. The presidential party was escorted by the First division alone. After the inaugural ceremonies, the procession which moved from the capitol was the largest ever seen on such an occasion. The civic portion of the parade was of unusual length, included bodies representing many states in the Union, while the military display was surpassing grand. Along Pennsylvania avenue, where the prominent stand had been erected, one could obtain a fair idea as to what organizations were being appreciated. At one particular place where probably thousands were standing the favorite body would receive such applause as is only given to genuine worth.

Washington entertains to-day 100,000 strangers. They have come in family parties, squads and companies and regiments. The hotels were filled a week ago, and private boarding houses and dwellings have done since what they could to lodge the shelterless and feed the hungry.

The scenes on Pennsylvania avenue almost baffled description. A great sea of upturned faces hid the sidewalks. Above it the stately buildings were covered with cloths of gorgeous colors arranged in patriotic devices. Special aids in brilliant uniforms clashed hither and thither, lending animation to the scene. The police regulations were perfect, and the broad avenue, with its hard smooth surface, was cleared of everything that might obstruct the pageant. An unhappy looking individual passed up the avenue in his shirt sleves, pushing a wheelbarrow, in which reclined with a self-satisfied air another person bearing a flag. Shouts of laughter and all sorts of jibes and quirks greeted the uquipage on its travels.

The presidential party entered the capitol through the basement passage-way. Mr. Cleveland went by the private door to the senate, and proceeded immediately to the vice-president's room, were President Arthur was engaged in signing measures passed by congress.

Later Vice-President Hendricks was escorted into the senate chamber, and without delay, but with the solemnity and decorum befitting the occasion, the oath was administered to him by the president pro tempore. Mr. Hendricks took the gavel and called the senate to order in extra session. The new senators were then sworn in.

THE CEREMONY OF INAUGURATION—IMPOSING ARRAY OF DIGNITARIES, DIPLOMATICS AND STATESMEN.

Precisely at 12:30 p. m. the head of the procession appeared, coming out of the main east door of the capitol. President Arthur stepped to the front of the platform, followed by the president-elect, Chief Justice Waite and the sergeant-at-arms of the senate. All uncovered as they stood facing the crowd, the vast assemblage cheered again and again for several minutes. The persons who were to assist at the ceremonies were seated on the platform in the following order:

Chief Justice Waite and Senator Sherman sat with the president-elect.

The committee on arrangements occupied seats immediately to the right of the president-elect, ex-presidents and ex-vice-presidents and associate justices of the supreme court.

The vice-president, secretary and members of the senate occupied seats further on the right.

The diplomatic corps occupied seats on the left of the president and the heads of departments. The retired general of the army, the lieutenant-general of the army, the admiral of the navy, and the officers of the army and navy who had by name received the thanks of congress, governors and ex-governors and ex-members of the senate, took their seats just behind the president.

At 12:40 p. m. the president-elect arose and began delivering his inaugural address.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens: In the presence of this vast assemblage of my countrymen I am about to supplement and seal, by the oath which I shall take, the manifestation of the will of a great and free people. In the exercise of their power and right of self-government they have committed to one of their fellow citizens a supreme and sacred trust, and he here consecrates himself to their service.

This impressive ceremony adds little to the solemn sense of responsibility with which I contemplate the duty I owe to all the people of the land. Nothing can relieve me from anxiety lest by any act of mine their interests may suffer, and nothing is needed to strengthen my resolution to engage every faculty and effort in the promotion of their welfare.

Amid the din of party strife the people's choice was made; but its attended circumstances have demonstrated anew the strength and safety of a government by the people. In each succeeding year it more clearly appears that our democratic principle needs no apology, and that in its fearless and faithful application is to be found the surest guaranty of good government. But the best results in the operation of a government wherein every citizen has a share, largely depend upon a proper limitation of purely partizan zeal and effort, and a correct appreciation of the time when the heat of the partisan should be merged in the patriotism of the citizen.

To-day the executive branch of the government is transferred to new keeping. But this is still the government of all the people, and it should be none the less an object of affectionate solicitude. At this hour the animosity of political strife, the bitterness of partizan defeat and the exultation of partizan triumph should be supplanted by ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will and a sober, conscientious concern for the general weal. Moreover, if from this hour we cheerfully and honestly abandon all sectional prejudice and distrust, and determine with manly confidence in one another to work out harmoniously the ahievements of our national destiny, we shall deserve to realize all the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow.

On this auspicious occasion we may well renew the pledge of our

DEVOTION TO THE CONSTITUTION,

which, launched by the founders of the republic, and consecrated by their prayers and patriotic devotion, has for almost a century borne the hopes and aspirations of a great people through the prosperity and peace, and through the shock of foreign conflicts and the perils of domestic strife and vecissitudes.

By the father of his country our constitution was commended for adoption as "the result of a spirit of amity and mutual concession." In that spirit it should be administered, in order to promote the lasting wellfare of the country and to secure the full measure of its priceless benefits to us and to those who will succeed to the blessings of our natural life. The large variety of diverse and competing interests subject to federal control, persistently seeking the recognition of their claims, need give us no further fear that "the greatest good to the greatest number" will fail to be accomplished, if in the halls of national legislation the spirit of amity and mutual concession shall prevail in which the constitution had its birth. If this involves the surrender or postponement of private interests, and the abandonment of local advantages, compensation will be found in the assurance that thus the common interest is subserved and the general wellfare advanced.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STATES.

In the discharge of my official duty I shall endeavor to be guided by a just and unstrained construction of the constitution, a careful abservance of the distinction between the powers granted to the federal government and those reserved to the states, or to the people, and by a cautious appreciation of those functions which, by the constitution and laws, have been especially assigned to the executive branch of the government.

But he who takes the oath to-day to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every citizen, on the farm, in the workshop, in the busy marts of trade, everywhere should share with him.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

The constitution which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes the will of free men is yours; the law and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the state capitals and the national capital, is yours. Your every voter, as surely as your chief magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of his public servants, and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity—municipal, state and federal—and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the republic.

ECONOMY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

It is the duty of those serving the people in public place closely to limit public expenditures to the actual need of the government economically administered, because this bounds the right of the government to exact tribute from the earnings of labor or the property of the citizen, and because public extravagance begets extravagance among the people. We should never be ashamed of the simplicity and prudential economies which are best suited to the operation of a republican form of government, and most compatible with the mission of the American people. Those who are selected, for a limited time, to manage public affairs, are still of the people, and may do much by their example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which among their fellow citizens aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity.

THE POLICY OF PEACE.

The genius of our institutions, the needs of our people in their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory, dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from the foreign policy commended by the history, the traditions and the prosperity of our republic. It is the policy of independence, favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and our power, It is the policy of peace, suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share of foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents, and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe and of Washington and Jefferson—"Peace, commerce and friendship to all nations; entangling alliance with none."

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

A due regard for the interests and prosperity of all the people demands that our finances shall be established upon such a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of business interests and make the wage of labor sure and steady, and that our system of revenue be so adjusted as to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the treasury to tempt extravagance and waste.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

Care for the property of the nation, and for the needs of future settlers, require that the public domain should be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation.

HUMANITY AND MORALITY.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the government, and their education and civilization promoted, with a view to their ultimate citizenship, and that poligamy in the territories, destructive to the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed. The laws should be rigidly enforced which prohibit the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor, with no intention of acquiring citizenship and bringing with them and retaining habits and customs repugnant to our civilization.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The people demand reform in the administration of the government, and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employes who hold their places solely as the reward of patisan service, and from the corrupting influence of those who promise, and the vicious methods of those who accept, such rewards. And those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief.

THE RIGHTS OF THE FREEDMEN;

In the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men, there should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their scrutiny in the enjoyment of their privileges under the constitution and its amendments. All the discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations and responsibilities.

PRACTICAL AND INDUSTRIOUS APPLICATION.

These topics, and the constant and ever-varying wants of an active and enterprising population, may well receive the attention and the patriotic endeavor of all who make and execute the federal law. Our duties are practical, and call for industrious application, and intelligent perception of the claims of public office, and, above all, a firm determination, by united action, to secure all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchedsafe to man. And let us not trust to human effort alone; but, humbly acknowledging the power and goodness of Almighty God, who presides over the destiny of nations, and who at all times has been revealed in our country's history, let us invoke His aid and His blessings upon our labors.

Mr. Cleveland turning to the chief justice and bowing to him said: "I am now prepared to take the oath prescribed by law."

As the chief justice arose to administer the oath the vast assemblage cheered again. The president-elect stood facing the chief justice, with the crowd on his right. Chief Clerk McKenney, of the Supreme Court, stood just to the side of Mr. Cleveland and held the Bible upon which the oath was administered, the president-elect also holding it with his right hand. The Bible used is a small morocco-covered, gilt edged volume, pretty well worn. It is the Bible which Mr. Cleveland's mother gave him when he left home as a young man, and at his special request the committee of arrangements had it in readiness for the ceremony. The crowd preserved perfect quiet as the impressive ceremony of administering the oath was taking place, but when it was concluded, and after President Cleveland laid down the Bible after reverently kissing it, and shook hands with the chief justice, who was the first to congratulate him, the cheering was long and loud.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

At a meeting of the Progress Grange, held Feb. 28, the following action received a unanimous support:

Whereas, at the late session of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County the Court declared in favor of a new court house, and

Whereas, it is comparatively only a few years since it was rebuilt and remodeled and is still in good condition and ample for all the necessities of the court; therefore be it

Resolved, By the members of the Progress Grange and citizens of Potter twp. that we enter our protest against the assumption of so unwarranted an action on the part of the Court at a time when every department of trade and industry is prostrated, and under the circumstances an out rage upon the labor and industries of the county, which we call upon all good citizens of the county to protest against.

J. B. Neff,
Carrie E. Osman,
Committe.

TERRIBLE MINE EXPLOSION IN ENGLAND.

London, March 3.—A terrible explosion occurred in the Usworth colliery, at Sunderland, this morning. The explosion is said to have been caused by fire damp. Thirty-six bodies have been recovered from the ruins and a volunteer force is still seeking for more victims. At the time of the explosion there were 150 men in the mine. They were all imprisoned by the jamming of the cageway. The list of dead include two men who were asphyxiated while engaged in the work of rescue.

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

THE GRAND PAGEANT.

Passing in Review Before the New President at the White House.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed as the procession started from the Capitol. It was headed by the chief marshall, General H. W. Slocum, and his aids and behind them came the carriages of the Presidential party. Four divisions followed. The procession had great difficulty in moving. Many people were forced into the roadway and the police had all they could do to keep the avenue open for the procession. When the head of the line reached Fifteenth street a halt was made and the carriages containing the President and ex-President left the line and proceeded by way of Executive avenue to the Whitehouse, which the party entered by rear door. The Vice President's carriage proceeded up Fifteenth street nearly to New York avenue before leaving the line. Mr. Hendricks, however, soon joined the President at the White House and when everything was in readiness the entire party proceeded to the reviewing stand on Pennsylvania avenue, directly in front of the mansion.

The reviewing stand had been profusely decorated with flags and bunting and presented a beautiful appearance. The President and ex-President were placed on a projecting platform, which was covered so as to make a handsome canopy and at the same time so arranged as to afford a clear, unobstructed view of the procession. Arm chairs were placed upon it for their use, but the President remained standing during the entire review. Ex-President Arthur sat on his left, Vice President Hendricks and the members of his household occupied the seats to the right and just back of the President, while the families and friends of the President and ex-President sat in the front row on the right. Among those who occupied seats on the Presidential stand were Secretaries Frelinghuysen, McCulloch, Lincoln, Teller and Chandler, Postmaster General Hatton, Lieutenant General Sheridan, Major General Hancock, Mr. Manning, of New York; Mr. Vilas, of Wisconsin; Mr. Endicott, of Massachusetts; Senators Bayard and Garland, Colonel Lamont, Mayor Grace and Ex-Mayor Cooper, of New York, and a large number of other prominent persons, including many officers of the army and navy and members of the Diplomatic Corps. There were a great number of ladies on the main stand, and their rich costumes added brilliancy to the scene. It is estimated that there were on the stand about a thousand persons.

AN IMPOSING SIGHT.

It was ten minutes past 2 o'clock when the head of the procession started from the corner of Fifteenth street to pass in the review. It was a grand sight, and it was the general expressed opinion that no more brilliant pageant had ever been witnessed in this country. All the organizations gave a marching salute as they passed the grand stand, and the President at first recognized the compliment by raising his hat to every separate command, but the length of the line and the chilliness of the breeze which sprang up compelled him before the second division passed, to keep his head covered and in most cases to limit his acknowledgments to a slight bow. In view of the fact that the procession was three hours in passing, it is not a matter of surprise that he had to abandon his intention of standing with uncovered head throughout the review.

The first division, composed of regular United States troops and local military organizations, presented a fine appearance as they passed the stand. The President saluted the chief marshal and his aid and each of the companies, which marched in particularly good form.

The second division was composed entirely of brigades of the Pennsylvania National Guard. There were about 7,500 men in this division, and their good marching and fine military bearing were praised on all sides. Governor Pattison, of Penn'a, rode at the head of the division by the side of ex-Governor Hartranft. They were recognized as they neared the reviewing stand and were loudly cheered. The President and Governor Pattison changed salutes. The President also raised his hat as a token of respect to the battle-torn flags of the Thirteenth and Eighteenth and several other regiments of this division.

OTHER MILITARY DISPLAYS.

The third division was composed principally of military companies from Virginia and Maryland. The visiting companies from other states were the South Carolina Volunteers, Sixty-ninth Regiment, of New York; Jackson Corps, of Albany; Washington Continentals, of Schenectady; Rochambeau Grenadiers, of New York; four companies from North Carolina; Meagher Guards, of Providence; the Busch Zouaves, of St. Louis; Fourteenth Regiment, of Ohio, and Company C of the Sixteenth Regiment and Company D, First Regiment, and the Ames Zouaves, of Minnesota. Fitz Hugh Lee was marshal of this division. He bowed to the President who lifted his hat in return.

A large number of colored troops were included in this division and their soldierly bearing and good marching elicited much praise from the spectators. The New Jersey soldiers, with their plain blue uniform, with red blankets rolled above their knapsacks, also attracted attention, as did the Washington Infantry, of Pittsburg, clad in navy blue, with black shakos. The Fifth Maryland, about 5000 strong, in black helmets and blue suits, who are also favorites in this city, were warmly welcomed. A striking uniform of olive green, with black plumes, which attracted much attention, was worn by the Clark Guard, of Augusta, Ga. The New York Sixty-ninth Regiment was about 600 strong and its fine band and excellent marching fully met the expectation which had been raised as to the appearance of this regiment. The Grenadiers Rochambeau, of New York, were also well received. The Busch Zouaves, of St. Louis, wore the most elegant uniform of its kind in the procession. Company C, Sixteenth Ohio National Guard, in a showy uniform of gray, closed this division of the procession.

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House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross,
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wanderings,
Praise after cry,

Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Light after mystery,
Peace after pain,
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb,
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway
Leading to this.

A POCKET-PIECE.

Mrs. Rutherford sat down, and folding her hands—a thing she very seldom did—looked ruefully at the breakfast-table, with its array of unwashed dishes, at the pile of mending in her work-basket near the window, and, last and longest, at the heap of letters in her lap.

They were bills, every one of them; even the aristocratic-looking square white envelope, which none could have suspected of being a dun, held the doctor's memorandum of the sum due "for professional services during the past six months."

There were bills from the grocer, from the butcher and the baker, the traditional candle-stick being formidably represented by the gas company with its quarterly statement.

The total made her sick at heart. Yet she had tried so hard to be economical!—too hard, she thought bitterly, as she remembered in her secret soul that Johnnie's attack of pneumonia might have been averted by stout rubber boots and by new and warm underclothing in place of the old flannels she had patched and darned so faithfully.

The new garments had to be purchased after all, in spite of her short-sighted thrift. They were the Doctor's first prescription after the crisis was past.

She thought too, how, to save the expense of a sick nurse, which they could so ill afford, she had tried to care for the sick boy day and night, at a time when her own physical system called for rest. Of course, she had broken down in the effort, with the result that she, as well as Johnnie, had to be nursed, and the doctor had two patients instead of one. We all of us make such mistakes now and then.

Well, there was no use in crying over spilt milk; at all events she had no time to sit down for any such purpose, so she went about her duties with willing hands; if with a heavy heart.

There was one thing she could do, if only John could be made to consent. The new cloak, which made such a heavy item in Draper & De Lane's bill, and which John had given her for Christmas, could be returned. She had not worn it, and its purchase had been conditional on her approval.

John, who, as every one will understand, was her husband, Mr. Rutherford—was a book-keeper in a down-town store, with a salary that scarcely sufficed, with strict economy, to buy bread and butter, clothes and shelter, for his little family.

Still, they managed to keep a modest bank account, and this was the first time that they had really run behind-hand. But while she was sick, there had been no one to watch and guard against all possible leaks, and the grocery bill was double what it ought to have been. As for generous warm-hearted John, he had never stopped to count dollars, much less pennies, with his wife and boy lying ill—the house had been kept like an oven, and the amount of coal and gas used had been frightful.

She thought of all this, again and again, through the long day, and there was small wonder if her children found her absent-minded more than once. That sum-total haunted her like a nightmare, and for the first time in her like she dreaded her husband's coming; because of the burden of care which awaited him.

She put the hateful envelopes out of sight—at least he should eat his supper in peace and comfort—and made the children tidy for their father's home-coming. The fact that New Year's is a legal holiday, in no wise shortened his day's work; the books must be posted before taking account of stock.

It was long after dark, when at last she heard the sound of his latch-key in the lock of the front door, and she hastened to hurry up supper, as the children rushed pell-mell to welcome their father. He came in smiling, as usual, the center of a small tumult of joyful news. "Maybe you think it isn't cold out of doors," he said brightly. "Supper most ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter." And then, with a glance at the mantel, "No letters?—only one delivery to-day, I remember."

"I think they might have let you off early this afternoon," she answered evasively.

"Impossible, my dear," he replied, "why this is the very busiest part of my year. Don't you know that, little woman?"

"I ought to, by this time," she said, with a sorry attempt at a laugh; "but I couldn't help hoping all the same; come, supper is ready."

Both Mrs. Rutherford and her husband had long ago tacitly agreed to surrender to the children the first hour or so after his return every evening. It was the "children's hour," and unless there chanced to be company to tea, all conversation in which they could not take part was postponed until after their early-bed time.

By and by that came, and the little flock said good-night, and went up stairs with their mother to be tucked away for the night.

Then a hush fell on the household, and Mr. Rutherford lit his pipe, and drew the evening paper from his pocket. When his wife came down again, and took the seat on the other side of the table with her sewing, he laid the newspaper down, and looked up with the air of a man who has important news to tell. "What do you think, Nell?" he said, "Tom Whittemore is going out to St. Paul."

"So far?" she answered. "He will be quite a loss to you, won't he?"

"Well, yes, I shall miss him; we have always been good friends, you know, but I'm not sure that his going won't be a rather good thing for us, as it is for him. He has a good offer out there, good salary, and the chance of an interest in the business—an offer he can't afford to refuse. The thing that concerns us most, however, is that he wants me to take his place in The Building Fund—at just what it has cost him, five hundred dollars, and fifteen dollars a month to the Fund."

"I don't quite understand."

"Oh yes, you do, if you will think a moment. Don't you know he got his house by joining a building association, and the rent of the house goes to the purchase money. He has paid five hundred on it, and the rent now is fifteen dollars a month."

"Is that so? Why, it is a better one than this, which costs us ten dollars more."

"Which goes into our landlord's pocket—yes. It really is a wonderful chance for us, because the property has advanced in value since he bought it, and is certain to increase in the future, but he wants ready money to move with, and so offers to let us have it at cost. He gives me the refusal for a week, which is very good of him."

"And you are going to take it?" she asked eagerly.

"I think I can," he cried, "Our Mr. Barker is the President of the Building Fund, so there won't be any trouble about my taking Whittemore's place. Then, I have four hundred dollars in bank, and I think in a week or two I can manage to raise the rest. By the way, have the bills come in and how much are they?"

There was no help for it, the dreaded moment had come, with a fresh bitterness added thereto. She brought out the pile of envelopes, and handing them to him sat down in a calm desperation, while he examined them—the fact that she was only indirectly responsible for the size of the bills in no wise tending to make her feel less like a criminal.

"Whew!" he said, as he took them. "Plenty of them, at all events—Doctor, ninety-five dollars; Draper & De Lane, a hundred and ten—Jones fifty—Brown thirty five—rent twenty-five—gas thirty—coal eighteen. Well, that pretty nearly sweeps my bank account."

"John, dear John, don't look so miserable—I couldn't help it—I am so sorry! You can return my cloak, I haven't worn it!"

"Do I hold you responsible, my dear? Who bought the cloak, you or I? If that were all, I could manage. As it is, I can pay the bills, but the house must be given up, and it really is such a chance as comes once in a life-time."

Mrs. Rutherford made no answer, she was crying quietly behind the newspaper which she had picked up and was holding in front of her to hide her tears.

Her husband began figuring on the back of one of the envelopes, it was a way he had when worried.

Presently she let fall the paper, with a half-smothered exclamation, and rushed out of the room and up-stairs. He scarcely noticed the circumstance—it was a common one—probably she had imagined that she heard the baby cry or Johnnie cough. In a very few minutes she came back, laughing and crying all together flung herself on his shoulder, holding out a silver coin.

"Take it, John! take it! it really is!—now you can pay the bills and take the house too!—oh, I am so glad! so glad!" she sobbed incoherently.

Mr. Rutherford was no numismatist, and for one terrible moment he actually feared that his wife had lost her mind. It cost him no small effort at self-control to draw her gently to him, and ask in tones whose very quietness told of his effort—"What do you mean, my darling?"

"Why, John, don't you understand? This is the silver dollar Grandpa gave me when I was a baby, and it is an 1804 dollar—it really is—and perfect, don't you see? Now what do you think it is worth?"

He took the coin, and examined it critically.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully, "ten dollars, perhaps."

"Ten dollars! oh, John, you dear old goose! ten hundred would be nearer to it. Just listen," and she ran for the evening paper, which in her hurry she had left lying where she had dropped it, on the floor.

"Listen," and in tones that quivered with excitement, she read.

'A VALUABLE COIN.

'Mr. Robert Smith of Blank County has in his possession a genuine silver dollar of the coinage of 1804, which he recently purchased of an old colored woman, to whom he paid ten dollars for it. Mr. Smith has been offered six hundred dollars for the coin, which is an extremely rare one; only four other perfect specimens being known to exist, one of the four being in the collection at the U. S. Mint. Mr. Smith values his specimen at one thousand dollars, which extravagant price any numismatist who wishes to secure the coin will probably be obliged to pay, since it is the only one of its kind in the world which is for sale.'

"Now, don't you see, supposing we can sell this for even six hundred dollars, you can buy the house, pay all the bills, and still have money enough left to move with. Dear old Grandpa! He would be so pleased to know that the pocket-piece he gave his first granddaughter had done so much good. Mother always taught me to regard it as something very precious, because he gave it to me one afternoon, and the next morning they found him dead in his bed, just as though he had fallen asleep." She never even was willing to punch a hole in it, and let me wear it to cut my teeth on, as he intended I should do, lest I should lose it. Why don't you say something, John? Aren't you glad? don't you believe it?"

Mr. Rutherford was intently studying the precious coin, which, though dark from long lying by, was as perfect as when first issued. He looked up now, with a face of infinite satisfaction and relief.

"I was waiting for you to get through your story," he said, "and really I don't see what there is left for me to say. If this newspaper paragraph is true, and I dare say it is, your grandfather's will take us safely out of the woods. I'll take it to Burdin's to-morrow and see how much it is worth, but don't set your figures too high."

So the next day the coin was taken to the principal dealer in curiosities in the city, who gladly bought it on speculation; and though he did not pay a thousand dollars for it, he did pay enough to more than make it possible to accept Mr. Whittemore's offer.

Gamins of the Great Town.

Charles G. Leland, from Chicago says: As I went home I met near the Marlborough Station two small boys, who were selling groundsel or cresses. The elder, who might have been 9 or 10 years of age, remarked to me in tones of genial impudence that he was, O—so hungry. I recommended him to eat his water-cresses, and walked on. Returning, the same boy greeted me as an old acquaintance, with a delightful grin, and said he hoped I was well.

"Little boy," I remarked, "you have such uncommon cheek you must be Romany. No other child could hold so much unearthly sass."

The boy looked at me resolutely. "Wandy can saker Romanes and chiv a tan spray" (I can talk gypsy and pitch a tent), he replied.

"Pen yer nay," I said. (Tell your name.)

"I don't know what nav' is," was his answer.

"Then you're not gypsy. 'Nav' is name."

"'Moneker's' the gypsy word for name," cried the child.

"Little boy," I answered, "don't be vulgar. 'Moneker' is not Romany. It is tinker's slang. It is less refined than Romany. But I see that you indeed understand that deep and mysterious dialect whose position in Celtic is not as yet determined by any philologist. Now if I say: 'The nidias of the kena don't grani what mandy's a thavin,' what does that mean?"

"It means," replied the child slowly, as if he were repeating a lesson, "the people of the house don't understand wot we're a sayin'."

"Right you are, my son. And how do you call a half penny?"

The young street Arab, with the utmost volubility, gave me the word in Romany, thief-slang, back-slang, shelta and Italian. I took out a six-pence:

"You are such a good little boy that I must remember you. You are not a Romany and yet you have tried to learn it. Keep on. If you are not hanged you will probably be a professor of languages. Good-bye."

Saying this I gave him the tanner and departed. Very little do the ladies and gentlemen who see the street children running about surmise what these infants are up to or what they know. This boy could talk fluently a language the very existence of which was not known to a single gentleman or scholar in Great Britain previous to my discovery of it. There is not a word of it in any book whatever save in my "Gypsies," and not a member of the English Dialect Society has ever heard of it. Ah, well, we don't all know everything—not by a great deal.

Trying to Beat Draw Poker.

Mr. McDowell is a member of the of the Legislature of Tennessee. He is loaded with a bill that is to beat his famous faro bill all hollow. This one is a corker. His other bill knocked faro out in this city completely, and today there are not over a dozen professional gamblers in Nashville. Nothing but poker goes. A great deal of draw is played here, there being several large houses devoted exclusively to short cards. The games are rather big ones, too, the most of the players being merchants, clerks, officials and bank people.

"What is the prospect of the Tennessee gambling law being repealed?" a proprietor of a poker room was asked.

"It will not be repealed. There will never be any more faro in this State. Nobody wants to go to the penitentiary, and that's the size of it if you fool with the thing."

Mr. McDowell's old bill merely referred to faro, keno, roulette, hazard, etc. It didn't touch poker. Mr. McDowell now proposes to make it a penitentiary offence to play poker in Tennessee. He proposes to send to the penitentiary anybody and everybody who plays a game of cards for any stake—even for the beer. He takes in dice throwing, pedro, seven-up, euchre, Boston, whist, all hearts, pinochia, sixty-six, cribbage, casino, black-jack, black maria, marbles, base-ball, football, hop scotch, last tag, hide and seek, pussy wants a corner, leap frog, flip, mumbly peg, tunk, backgammon, dominoes, checkers, billiards, pool, last one over the fence is a nigger, bunco, wheel of fortune, flim flams, bluff, kite flying, burglary, jug distemper, and all the other popular games of the day. It is altogether likely that this bill of Mr. McDowell's will go through, and then the boys will not have a chance to even hang on by their eyelids.

Mr. McDowell is going to do more. He is going to make it a penal offence for anybody to buy, or sell, or make anything to drink in the State of Tennessee. This will do away with all the breweries, distilleries, saloons, and moonshiners of the State. There is talk of amending the bill so as to provide that everybody in the State shall be compelled to go to church three times a day and remain there eight hours each visit. Mr. McDowell is terribly in earnest in what he is about, and the general impression is that he will get through with the bills. If he does, one effect will be to increase the death roll and cause the asylums to overflow. If poker, faro and whisky are all removed at one and the same time from the State of Tennessee there will be the devil to pay.

When a man has no desire but to speak plain truth he may be a great deal in a very narrow compass.

"That Woman."

"Yes, Winona, the less you have to do with that woman the better pleased I will be," said Frank Bennet to his wife as they stood together on the veranda of the Mountain House.

"At any rate," replied Winona, "you might at least designate her by her proper title—'that woman' is scarcely a term for a gentleman to use in speaking of a lady."

Bertha Roland, the woman of whom they were speaking, was a widow, eight and twenty years of age. Her hair was a deep gold, which suggested hours of patience spent under the dyer's hands. Her complexion was beautified by the best of cosmetics, but even without these artificial additions she would have been a handsome woman. Winona was just the opposite—dark, *petite* and only pretty.

"Well, then," said her husband, "Mrs. Roland is not a fit companion for my wife, and I want your friendship with her to come to an end at once."

"Then you will want in vain," replied the wife. "I am not going to insult her just on account of your silly prejudice, which is caused by your begrudging me the little pleasure I get in her society."

"You are wrong, Winona, you are at liberty to enjoy yourself as much as you please, but not by putting yourself under obligations to that woman."

"There you are," 'that woman' again. Mrs. Roland, my dear husband, considers me under no obligation because I ride out with her on the back of one of her horses, or play lawn-tennis on her premises. She is my confidential friend, and I am not going to be ungrateful."

"Very well," Frank sadly said, "do as you please, Winona. I shall say no more, no matter how much I feel that Mrs. Roland is not a fit associate for a respectable woman." Then he walked away.

Winona was too angry to speak. This was their first quarrel, and she felt it keenly. They had just been married six months, and until summer had brought them to the Katskills all had been peace and happiness.

No more was said in regard to Mrs. Roland, until after supper, when Winona said:

"Frank, as you have promised to play cards with Mr. Jackson, I think I will just run over to Mrs. Roland's; I promised her I would."

"That woman again," exclaimed Frank; but he said no more and Winona went.

Her husband watched her enter the gate of the magnificent villa, and then turned away with a sigh. Mr. Jackson was beside him.

'You don't seem to like Mrs. Roland,' said he.

"I do not dislike her," returned Frank; "but we know nothing about her or her antecedents. My wife is infatuated with her, and all I say will not keep her from that house.

"I agree with you, come take a turn in the garden and I will tell you the best cure in the world for your wife's infatuation."

In the meantime Winona hastened to her friend's house, and found it alive with mirth and music. Mrs. Roland's face beamed with smiles as she welcomed Winona, and until 10 o'clock the merriment was unbounded, then, to Winona's utter surprise and displeasure, her husband was ushered into the parlor.

He spoke to the hostess, politely but coldly, and received her introduction to the other guests in like manner.

Then he advanced to his wife, saying: "Winona, I have come to escort you home as soon as you are ready to go. You need not be in any particular hurry, though."

Winona was pleased with his words, and followed her own inclinations as to hastening her departure.

Music and wine followed, and while Winona played on the grand piano her husband talked to Mrs. Roland.

On the way home he said to Winona: "Your friend is a nicer woman than I thought her to be."

The young wife's face beamed with smiles. "Oh, Frank!" she cried, "I knew you would come to my way of thinking yet. When you know her more you will like her better."

This was not his last visit at Mrs. Roland's; many more followed, and soon the young man could not speak highly enough of her. Winona was overjoyed. At last Frank was coming to his senses and learning how to appreciate her friend. One evening she sat sewing on the hotel verandah when Mr. Jackson approached, and seating himself beside her, asked:

"Have you ever read 'The Treachery of Laura?"

"No," she replied.

"I have it here," he continued. "If you would like to read it, you may. It is a remarkably well written story. It deals with a subject I have often thought of. A woman pretends to be another woman's friend only to take from her her husband's affection. Do you not think such treachery is unpardonable?"

"I do," cried Winona, "but—but the husband is often to blame." Then her face flushed and tears filled her eyes. "Why do you speak of this to me? You are only hinting at my husband and Mrs. Roland. He is infatuated with her. Oh, I wish I had never met that woman!"

'I fear, Mrs. Bennet,' said Mr. Jackson, "that your husband is not to blame. I myself do not think Mrs. Roland entirely ignores his attentions; at least let me advise you to watch him a little more closely."

That evening Mrs. Roland gave one of her charming garden fetes, and the prettiest woman present was voted to be Mrs. Bennet. Mr. Jackson was there, and about nine o'clock asked her to walk about the grounds. Soon the dazzling lights of the house were left behind and they stood in an obscure summer house.

"Why have you brought me out here, Mr. Jackson?" asked Winona, when she saw they were alone.

"Hush," he said, "some one is coming."

"I shall not remain here—" but her protest was cut short by the entrance of her husband and Bertha Roland. Being in the shadow they did not observe her and Mr. Jackson.

"What a pity," Bertha was saying. "What a pity you tied yourself down to that little doll baby."

"I am very proud of my wife," he said.

"And you love her, too, I suppose?"

"Why should I not?"

"That is evading my question. You have led me to suppose your heart was wholly mine."

"But I have no money, my dear Bertha, and what good would I be to you?"

"You are unkind; you are cruel, when you know how much I love you. I have wealth sufficient for two; what should I care for your money?"

"I have heard enough," cried Winona, springing from the darkness. "Frank, our paths will lie in opposite directions in the future. Mr. Jackson, take me home."

"Yes, Mrs. Bennet, said that gentleman, "after I have informed you that your husband is perfectly innocent, and this has been a ruse of his to show the true character and unbounded friendship of Bertha Roland!"

"Thank heaven!" gasped the young wife; "and thank you for opening my eyes to the treachery of that woman!"

"Mrs. Roland, my dear," said Frank, "not *'that woman!'* Remember how you berated me for so designating her!"

Winona only sobbed and nestled closer to his breast.

A Self-Lighting Stove.

A patent issued to a St. Louis man for an automatic fire-lighting machine was made the subject of investigation. This new-fledged genius, a native-born Irish-American citizen, imbued with Yankee ingenuity, has just been granted letters patent for a device that will prove a comfort to solitary old maids, fill a desolate void in the widows' household, and prove a savior to henpecked husbands. This great boon for mankind might be taken, at first sight, for an infernal machine, but it isn't. It has clock work that reminds one of a dynamite fiend, but it's not dangerous. When the thing goes off it startles the beholder with a flit and a flash of flame suggestive of instant death; but it will not explode. It will have a depressing effect on the matrimonial market. The women of single blessedness will be more than thrice blessed by it. They need pine no longer for a handy, good-natured husband to light fires for them. The machine will do the work. All you have to do is to wind it up and make it go off any hour you choose, and then set the clock on the hearth. At the desired time a sulphur match is ignited at the end of a hollow brass tube, charged with chlorate of potassium and sugar, that flashes into a burning flame, setting fire to a ball of asbestos saturated with turpentine at the further end, readily lighting a coal fire.

The inventor explained the mechanism, and made a practical experiment of its working. For nearly two years he has been doing without his breakfast because he could not get up in time to make a fire for his wife to do the cooking before he went to work.

"But," said he, "I've got her now. I am a great eater, and breakfast is my chief delight," he added, as the reporter walked away, after exhorting him to invent an automatic cook.

Long Distance Telephonin.

This is a feature of the telephone business that is still to a great extent a matter of experiment. Lines are in successful operation between Boston and Providence, and are in daily use for commercial purpose. Messengers are also transmitted between Boston and New York, and generally with satisfactory results. Men are constantly employed in the experimental department of the Bell company in developing the system, and as fast as the distance is increased, the margin of power remaining is ascertained, and serves as a basis for further experiments. Conversation has been carried on between New York and Chicago, but the conditions were exceptionally favorable and the results wholly satisfactory. With batteries in good condition, wires clear, and transmitter and receiver in perfect order, it is possible for experts to attain results that would not be practicable under ordinary conditions. The copper wire in use between Boston and New York weighs 185 pounds to the mile; and for telephoning a thousand miles it would be necessary to use a wire so heavy that the expense would be very great, and in order to get a fair rate of interest on the investment it would be necessary to put the rate so high as to prevent a general use of the line. But it has been found practicable to telephone a few hundred miles, and the New York line will soon be extended to Philadelphia and Washington. Seventy-five wires will be put into operation between New York and Philadelphia, and one-third that number between New York and Boston.

Milk Laws.

A committee of the Massachusetts Legislature has been giving a hearing to interested parties on the subject of milk adulteration. For the benefit of the proposed legislation in this State it may be mentioned that it was stated at this hearing that the Superior Court had decided it was unconstitutional to require a person to furnish evidence against himself by giving samples to the inspectors. It was thought that the statute on the subject should be amended by giving the inspector more power to take what the milkman cannot be obliged to give. The law regulating the height of letters marking the skimmed-milk cans is evaded, it seems, for though the letters were made of the required height, some dealers had them "so attenuated in width" as to be almost illegible. One witness thought the law should prescribe the width of the letters, if the spirit of the health act was to be preserved. A representative of the farmer stated that they were generally against any radical changes in the milk inspection law, and in favor of maintaining the standard of thirteen per cent. solids.

A vigorous mind is as necessarily accompanied with violent passions as a great fire with great heat.

A Terrible Night.

Halligen is the name given to a group of small islands on the west coast of Schleswig, which rises very little above the level of the sea.

At high tides or stormy weather they are completely under water, so that only the earth hills, on which the houses of the inhabitants are built, stand above the waves.

If at high tide the waves are driven by violent storms, the danger then commences for even these higher dwellings.

And naturally it is still more formidable when the furious waves make play-things of large blocks of ice, which, with a noise like thunder, hurl against the crashing houses.

Many years ago in the month of January, a terrible night occurred to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Halligen.

For several successive days a violent northwesterly storm had been blowing; the raging sea had already passed over the island, and only with great risk of life was it possible to sail from one house to another.

A thick darkness lay over the surging waste of water, which was only now and then illuminated by a flash of lightning, which tore asunder the thick cloud masses, while its forked tongue darted down from the sky into the angry waters.

The howling of the wind seemed to vie with the roar of thunder, and to both was added the raging of the waves, which seemed as if they were determined to swallow up the unhappy islands.

About 10 o'clock the waves, which were casting great blocks of ice against the unprotected islands, overflowed the earth-hill, which was about twenty feet high, and the wretched inhabitants had to take refuge in the upper stories or on the roofs of their dwellings.

And fortunate indeed were those whose houses did not give way before the mighty waves of the sea and the floating ice.

The first shock broke down the strongest piles upon which many of the dwellings were built, so that the whole building fell in at once, burying man and beast in a watery grave.

At the first rising of the storm (as the parish clerk of Keitum, a village on the island of Sylt, relates) the neighbors had fled to one of my friends and had, while the storm every minute increased, prayed together and read the Bible.

The father had taken the eldest child in his arms, the mother pressed the two youngest to her breast, and another neighbor undertook to measure the rise of the waters.

At 3 A. M. they would attain their greatest height; on ordinary occasions they rose nine feet, this time they might easily reach eighteen.

If they stopped their safety was possible (for the house was twenty feet high with the roof.) Provided no block of ice dashed against the house, and that waves did not loosen the strong piles deeply driven into the earth, they might escape.

The first soundings gave them reason to hope that the danger would pass by them, for, in spite of the hurricane, the sea rose very slowly.

But a fearful thunder-storm was passing with the gale over the sea, and by the gleam of the forked lightning the unfortunate sufferers beheld an awful sight.

They saw dismasted ships being dashed against towering masses of ice; and houses, whole or in pieces—men and cattle—were being cast about hither and thither in the floods and driven helplessly by the house of my friend.

With this thunder-storm the tide rose with incredible rapidity. The water now poured into the house; the furniture began to float; the storm broke the windows and drove the rain inside.

Through the thin partition wall, which separated the stable from the dwelling-room they could plainly hear the groaning of the cows; and when a huge wave tore away a portion of the wall, they perceived the bow of a large boat fast stuck in the stable wall.

As the water had now risen so high that the unhappy people were in danger of being jammed against the ceiling, and perhaps drowned in the room, they forsook the tables and benches on which they had hitherto floated, and fled up a ladder into the hay-loft; but the sea soon robbed them of this last refuge.

Like a hungry monster it rolled every minute, and followed the fugitives till they were quite under the roof.

No longer finding a dry spot for himself and his family, the wretched father, who still preserved his presence of mind, made a hole in the thatch of the roof. He first swung himself up on the roof, where, passing his hand round the staff of the weather-cock, he took up his dangerous position.

"Now for the children," he cried out as loud as he could; and even if the storm drowned his voice, the mother's heart understood his words, and in trembling haste she reached the two eldest children up to him, and then, with the youngest in her arms, she followed her darlings, and soon the whole family sat trembling with cold and horror, firmly clinging to each other, the father with his back to the storm, with one arm round his wife, with the other holding fast to the staff of the weather-cock.

When on the morning of the 4th of January, the sun shone down upon the work of that fearful night, the tide had ebbed, and my friend with his whole family, were saved.

The fisherman of Fohr who on this occasion won the admiration of every one, found the wretched family on the thatch of their roof; and though their limbs were so stiff that it was feared the children would die from the exposure, yet by God's mercy they all recovered.

What we know of the South pole, is simply this: That nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of it. That icy barriers were encountered which quite eclipse anything known in the north frigid zone; that mountains have been seen one shooting forth volcanic flames, loftier than any discovered by our northern explorers; that all the land there is covered with snow at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond 56°; that no vegetable growth, except lichens, has been seen beyond 58°, and that no land quadruped is known to exist beyond 66°.

PARSNIPS IN POULETTE. — Scrape, wash, boil and drain the parsnips and cut them in slices. For the poulette: Set a stewpan on the fire with a piece of butter the size of an egg in it; when melted, sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour in it, stirring constantly until thoroughly mixed. Pour in gradually a glass of warm water and a wine glass of white wine. Season with salt, pepper, a sprig of parsley, a little thyme, a nutmeg, two or three mushrooms that have been cut fine and fried in butter, four small white onions and a shallot finely chopped. Simmer until the whole is well cooked; strain and pour over the parsnips and serve hot. If desired, two or three yolks of eggs and the juice of a lemon may be added after the sauce is strained and just before taking from the fire. If wine is not liked use a gill and a half of broth instead of wine and water.

ONE of the most appetizing ways to warm over cold fowls, particularly ducks or fowls with brownish meat, is to cut them into pieces, and let them simmer in gravy. Take a part of a head of red cabbage, cut it in the thinnest and smallest pieces you can without chopping it, wash it and drain it and fry it in fat; this may be part butter and part dripping or even lard; season with salt and pepper. When it is done, spread it on a platter, moisten with vinegar and lay the pieces of fowl upon it.

A PRETTY ornament for the wall is made by cutting a fan out of very stiff pasteboard, cover half of it with plush or velvet—put this on plain—on the other half put folds of satin, lengthwise, to imitate the folds of a half-open fan. Around the edge put a narrow band of swan's down, at the top or handle put a bow, and a cord and tassels. In the center of the fan put an oval or round Christmas card; it should be unfringed. One made of pink plush or satin was handsome—one less delicate and likely to become easily soiled was of wine-colored plush and satin.

Splendid Honors.

The public should note the fact that the only proprietary medicine on earth that ever received the Supreme award of Gold Medal at the great International World Fairs, Industrial Expositions and State Fairs, is St. Jacob's Oil. After the most thorough and practical tests, in hospitals and elsewhere, it has universally triumphed over all competitors, and been proclaimed by Judge and Jurors, including eminent physicians, to be the best pain-curing remedy in existence.

Pity the man who censures what he has not the ability to perform or the courage even to attempt.

"The Best is the Cheapest.

This is an old adage and the essence of wisdom. The best medicine, and the only *sure cure* for diseases of the liver, kidneys and bladder is the old and reliable HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. Physicians endorse it highly and prescribe it in their practice.

"I have been dreadfully troubled with diseases of the kidneys and liver during the past six months. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has made me a new man." Isaac W. Fairbrother, Providence, R. I.

One reason why diseases of the bladder and urinary organs are so difficult to cure is that they frequently have no pronounced symptoms. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY is peculiarly adapted to the cure of these complaints, and goes at once to the seat of the trouble giving relief at once.

Like a piece of steel, that man is the strongest and most elastic who always retains his temper.

Have you Catarrh? Would you be well? Try one bottle of Borazel?

Everybody has his mission, if he will find it and suck to it; a scavenger doing his own work is a benediction.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The hardest thing in the world to do so constantly that you can do it well, is to mind your own business.

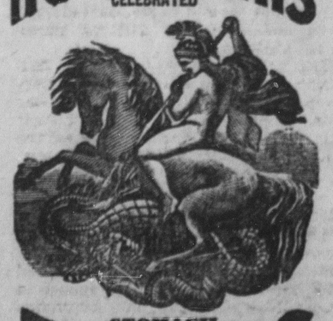
FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The moment anything assumes the shape of a duty, some persons feel themselves incapable of discharging it.

PILES "Anakesis"

Gives INSTANT RELIEF, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price $1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples FREE. Address, "ANAKESIS" Makers, BOX 2416. NEW YORK.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

By the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters the haggard appearance of the countenance and sallowness of dyspeptics are supplanted by a healthier look, and as the food is assimilated, the body acquires substance. Appetite is restored, and the nervous system refreshed with much needed slumber, through the use of this medicine, which is also beneficial to persons of a rheumatic tendency, and an inestimable preventive of fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

LANDOR, the poet, says in one of his sweet little sonnets: "We are what suns, and winds, and waters make us;" but unfortunately suns will scorch, winds will roughen, and waters will not remove the injurious effects of the other two upon the lovely complexion of the fairer sex. For ages chemists have tried to distil from herbs and minerals an elixir of beauty but they have failed, and it was left to modern times to find a cosmetic which should remove every speck and blemish, and leave a soft and pearly loveliness upon the roughest skin. Gouraud's Oriental Cream does this, and while so perfectly harmless that spring water is not more so, it has a magic influence upon the complexion which cannot be over estimated or believed until realized. To our lady readers we simply say, would you be as lovely as kindly Nature intended? Then use the Oriental Cream.

Also from the noted star actress:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 22, 1883.

"I cordially recommend Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's 'Oriental Cream Magical Beautifier,' as it is perfectly harmless."

Sincerely, LILLIE HINTON.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

If a man makes you keep your distance, the comfort is, that he keeps his at the same time.

THE purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

We often mistake seeing the truth for the possession of it; seeing the way is not walking in it.

Farmers' Folly.

Some farmers adhere, even against the full light of fact and discovery, to the old fashioned folly of coloring butter with carrots, annatto, and inferior substances, notwithstanding the splendid record made by the improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. At scores of the *best* agricultural Fairs it has received the highest award over all competitors.

The proper way to make an estimate of ourselves is to consider seriously what we value or despise in others.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

The hasty divulgers of news generally bring on themselves the trouble of contradicting it.

Tested by Time,

For lo these many years has Carboline, the great Petroleum Hair Renewer been used by the people and not a word of complaint. Verily actions speak louder than words.

Everyone who is trying to lead a good life, should also try to lead a winsome and courteous life.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, Warts, bunions.

BOILING FISH.—After washing thoroughly in salted cold water sprinkle the fish with salt and pepper, and tie in a clean cloth with a sprig of parsley. Cover with cold water, except in case of salmon, when luke-warm water must be used to preserve the color. Cod requires fifteen minutes for each pound. A fish weighing one pound will be done in ten minutes after the water begins to boil. Drawn butter sauce, with a hard boiled egg chopped fine and stirred in at the last, is very nice for bass. Oyster sauce is best for cod.

CREAM CAKE.—A comparatively inexpensive cream cake is made of two cups of sugar, 2½ cups of flour half a cup of sweet milk, four eggs, a piece of butter as large as two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda. This may be baked in three or four layers. The cream is made of one cup of sugar, half a cup of flour, two eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and the whites beaten to a stiff froth, and one pint of milk. Let this cook until it is thick, let it cool and then flavor it with vanilla.

WHITE AND GOLD.—White and gold china, the pretty, old pattern, with the wedding ring in the center of every piece has suddenly come into favor; and this is reasonable, as nothing can be in better taste than that old French china.

The wants of man generally increase with the supply, always keeping far in advance of it. Hence, happiness is like a Will-o-the-wisp—always ahead of us.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

TRADE RED STAR MARK

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

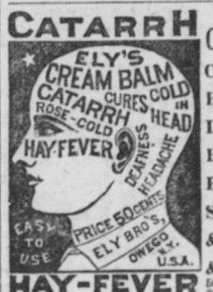
A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Grippe, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get us for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Owners and Manufacturers, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S Cream Balm Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste & smell. A quick & positive Cure. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular. Sample by mail 10 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, *Why?*

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

☞ *SOLID PROOF OF THIS.*

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

A Skin of Beauty is a joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. ☞ Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

CARDS Sample Book, Premium List, Price List send free. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

WANTED!

ENERGETIC, PUSHING SALESMEN. I GUARantee steady employment, and to successful salesmen I pay as high as $100 per month and expenses. Apply immediately, giving age.

R. B. KNIFFIN, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

PEACH TREES, GRAPE VINES, SMALL FRUITS, and a general assortment of other stock. Send for price list. GEO. W. HAWKINS, Orange & Ulster Nurseries, Newburg, N. Y.

BORAZEL PROVED to be "The True Remedy for NASAL CATARRH," by many trials under the observation of several eminent physicians. An agreeable, direct application. Prepared by a skilful chemist. In opal bottles. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c. in 2-cent stamps. Pamphlet free. Address YALE CHEMICAL CO., New Haven, Conn.

YOU ARE A LIAR

Lying Agents can't SELL and tell the truth about JONES. Put your lies on paper and sign if you dare. U. S. STANDARD

$60.5 TON WAGON SCALES.

Beam Box, Tare Beam, Freight Paid. Free Price List. Every Size. address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of **BLAINE AND LOGAN**

By Col. THOS. W. KNOX. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial, Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest*. 500 pages $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit *Free. Freight paid.* Send for *Extra Terms*, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

8 409

THE OPIUM-HABIT

EASILY CURED. ADVICE FREE. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wis.

AGENTS WANTED for the MISSOURI STEAM WASHER! It will pay any intelligent man or woman seeking profitable employment to write for Illustrated Circular and terms of Agency for this Celebrated Washer, which by reason of its intrinsic merit is meeting with such wonderful success.

J. WORTH, CHICAGO, ILL., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease (by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

VARICOCELE Painless sure cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

SAM OPPENHEIMER, of San Antonio, was one of the passengers on the San Saba stage that was robbed a few weeks ago.

"Shell out your money or off goes the top of your head," remarked one of the robbers, holding a pistol under Sam's nose.

"Three hundred dollars vas every cent I got, so hellup me schiminy grashus."

"Hand 'em over."

Sam did so, keeping back six dollars.

"What are you keeking back them six dollars for?" mildly inquired the robber, pressing his pistol against Sam's head.

"Mine Gott! don't you let a man take out two per cent. ven he advances money mitout securities?"

STERN PARENT—"So that young man has been here again, Never shall you marry him, not if I have to confine you in a lunatic asylum, miss. The idea of your throwing yourself away on a visionary, impractical poverty-stricken artist."

Daughter—"Artist, pa?"

"Yes, a miserable half-fed modeler who could not raise enough to pay the preacher if he tried."

"Why, pa, where did you get that idea?"

"From his own lips. He told me himself that he was a worker in clay."

"So he is. He owns a steam brickyard."

"Oh! bless you, my children!"

MR. BLANK—"My love, I have been trying for weeks to find out what that thing is that you gave me for a New Year's present."

Mrs. Bland—"How stupid! Why, it is a purse to carry your money in."

"Strange I had not thought of that. Curious contrivance, isn't? But you know, dear, I have no use for anything of the kind."

"Nonsense. Of course you have. By the way, the bill for it has just been sent. Here it is."

"How fortunate. I can carry the bill in it."

MRS. WINKS—"See here, Mr. Winks, what have you in that bottle?"

Mr. Winks—"Just some spirits for cases of emergency, you know, my dear. Every family should be prepared, you know."

"Spirits, eh? What kind of spirits, pray?"

"The best brandy, my love; excellent remedy and always invaluable in cases of emergency, you know."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Winks, that is the tenth bottle you have bought for cases of emergency within two months."

"Yes, my dear, and you know that emergencies have several times arisen, and——"

"Exactly; and when the emergencies came the bottle has invariably been empty."

It Astonished the Public

to hear of the resignation of Dr. Pierce as a Congressman to devote himself solely to his labors as a physician. It was because his true constituents were the sick and afflicted everywhere. They will find Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" a beneficent use of his scientific knowledge in their behalf. Consumption, bronchitis, cough, heart disease, fever and ague, intermittent fever, dropsy, neuralgia, goitre or thick neck, and all diseases of the blood, are cured by this world-renowned medicine. Its properties are wonderful, its action magical. By druggists.

A dead set—specters.

"Say, why is everything
Either at sixes or at sevens?"

Probably, my dear nervous sister, because you are suffering from some of the diseases peculiar to your sex. You have a "dragging-down" feeling, the back-ache, you are debilitated, you have pains of various kinds. Take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and be cured. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Spirit of the press—cider.

The Worst Urethral Strictures

speedily cured by our new radical methods. Pamphlet, references and terms, two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A seedy occupant—the florist.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. $1. Druggists.

Trees that never grow—axle-trees.

Frazer Axle Grease.

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

Friendship is love, without its flowers or veil.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

It is our judgment of our past, not our past that fills up self-reproaches.

Home Items and Topics.

—"All your own fault,
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

☞ My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people. Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth!!!

Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

☞ Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness."

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

{—At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles incident thereto."}

—"The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters."

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely * * * use of hop
Bitters will keep a whole family
In robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

DEBILITY of the Generative Organs quickly cured by the CIVIALE METHOD. Adopted in all the Hospitals of France. Prompt return of VIGOR. Simple cases, $3 to $5. Severe cases, $8 to $12. Pamphlet Free. Civiale Remedial Agency, 161 Fulton St. N. Y.

How IS YOUR BACK? -If it aches- APPLY A **HOP PLASTER**

What is the use of suffering with Backache, Pain in the Side or Hip, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Crick, Stitches, Swollen and tired Muscles, Chest and Lung troubles, or any sort of pain or soreness, either local or deep-seated when a Hop Plaster will give instant relief? Prepared from Burgundy Pitch, Canada Balsam, and the pain-killing virtues of Hops. The best strengthening plaster ever known. Thousands say so. Sold by all dealers. Mailed on receipt of price, 25c., 5 for $1.00. HOP PLASTER COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

Strongest and Best!

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP! An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG **OUR WILD INDIANS** By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. 75,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship and Solid Merit* make it the booming book for Agents. ☞ Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, Extra Terms etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

FITS STOPPED FREE *Marvelous success.* Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Essential once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Coughs, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

Difficult Breathing.

In these cases the READY RELIEF should be applied freely over the affected parts until a burning sensation is felt, and it will be found in every case that the READY RELIEF is a quick, safe, powerful and reliable remedy. In severe cases when danger is threatened one or two doses of DR. RADWAY'S PILLS will help the READY RELIEF in effecting a cure.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic Flatulency, and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SCROFULA,

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative rangs of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. ☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING

NO TAR. ESTABLISHED 1866.

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THE FIRE WORKS.

A Grand Display Bringing Inauguration Day to a Brilliant Close.

Washington, March 4.—The public celebration of the day ended with a display of fireworks. In character it was like all displays of fireworks, but in volume and variety it is said to have excelled any pyrotechnical exhibition upon this continent. It was successful to the minutest detail, although the stage of preparation late in the afternoon was not encouraging.

The scene of the exhibition was the White lot, an area of two or three hundred acres sloping gently away from the south fronts of the Treasury, Executive Mansion and State Department. The night was moonless, but clear, and uncounted crowds began early to find their way toward the spot from every quarter of the city. For an hour or more they waited watching, for want of better entertainment, the passage from point to point of torches in the hands of workmen or their attendants, who were putting the finishing touches to the frames, and commenting meanwhile upon the singular appearance of the monument, a hundred rods beyond the fireworks enclosure. The lower third of the shaft was not visible, but all above was dimly outlined like a ghost of itself against the black sky and reflecting to its peaks the rays of electric lights in the city and half a mile away. It seemed enormously higher than by daylight and to have not the slightest relation to terrestrial things.

When the preparations were complete and the display had once begun the people in charge had the good taste to leave no intermission. Jack-o'-lanterns danced from place to place about the enclosure and wherever one passed an explosion followed. Rockets, bal lons, mines, lodutans, bombs, batteries and shells were sent heavenward in volleys for half an hour, filling the air with showers of fire. Explosions, sometimes half a mile above the earth, took peace and constellations, numbering thousands of beautifully tinted stars, floated away over the Potomac, born by the gentle northern breeze.

Three "set pieces, of mammoth proportions were among the last and grandest features of the entertainment. The first was "Jefferson." There was a hiss and sputter audible a mile away as the Jack-o'-lantern touched his torch to the piece, and then a mammoth face in points of white fire encircled by an oval frame in red, with banners in national colors festooned gracefully about it, burst out of the darkness. It glowed for a minute in full brilliancy, then an eye went out with an explosion, followed by a part of the nose, and last of all, last wide stars of the banners. The face of the great patron of simplicity was probably not recognizable to the masses of the spectators, but when the letters of his name beneath were made out his memory was honored in prolonged cheers. The largest piece representing the national Capitol, with excellent portraits of the President and Vice President, flanked by mottoes and emblems. This piece was 100 feet long by 75 feet in height—the largest set piece ever fired in America. The flight of 5000 rockets at once, forming a vast floral bouquet in the heavens, terminated the display.

Immediately after the regular display of fireworks occurred the night parade of the Flambeau Club, of Topeka, Kansas. Although this organization is comparatively a small one, numbering 75 or 100 men, it has perhaps attracted as much attention as any civic or military body which has participated in the inauguration ceremonies. Its white, ghostly uniform, precision of drill and peculiar hollow torches, whose flames can be blown up into slender, quivering plumes of fire six feet in height, were all new features in Washington, and were all subjects of remark when the club made its first appearance on Pennsylvania avenue last evening. To-night, about half-past eight, just as the immense crowd was returning from the exhibition of fireworks, the Pennsylvania Club came marching in regular open order down Fifteenth street, between the Corcoran Building of the Treasury Department, in a perfect tornado of fire, accompanied by an incessant volley of explosions and the continuous hissing roar of ascending rockets. Every member of the club had slung over his shoulder a capacious white bag filled with rockets, Roman candles, red and green fire, Catharine wheels, torpedoes, bombs and fireworks of all description, which were lighted on portable frames or discharged from sheet iron tubes with such never-slackening rapidity as to literally fill the street with a hurricane of fiery projectiles and a dense cloud of smoke, through which could only be dimly seen the white spectral uniforms of the club. The marching was perfect in time and regularity, the incessant discharge of fireworks not being allowed to interfere in the least degree with precision of movement. People in vehicles fled in terror before the advancing column of smoke and flame, which was headed by two or three blazing wheels and from every part of which burst fires and explosions. The club was constantly and skillfully supplied with fresh ammunition from a large wagon which followed it, and as it wheeled from Fifteenth street to Pennsylvania avenue in the glare of red fire, amid the shouts of a vast multitude of spectators, it suggested a moving British square attacked on all sides at night and defending itself with musketry, bombs, rockets and hand grenades. It was one of the most striking features of the whole pyrotechnical display, and the club was followed down Pennsylvania avenue by at least 10,000 people.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Why do we hear so much about dyspepsia? Simply because so many have it. Why are so many people talking about their cure from this dreadful disease? Simply because they have been taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Thus it was with Mrs. Taylor, of Lynchburg, Sumter county, S. C., who says, "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia with most favorable results, I believe this medicine is all that is represented." Dyspepsia, and sufferers from neuralgia, weakness, etc., should try it.

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OLD STAMPS.

"Yes," said the proprietor of the store, "we buy stamps, but not those of the ordinary kind, although we purchased a lot a few days ago from an old lady who had a mania for collecting them, and simply as a curiosity. She sent them to us in a big trunk and told us there was a million in all. Most of them were tied up as you see in little bundles containing five hundred stamps each, but a large proportion were loose in the trunk. She began collecting them nearly ten years ago, she told me, when some one advertised for a million stamps and promised to pay one hundred dollars to the first person who collected that number.

She started her collection with many others who saw the advertisement, and so far as known is the only one succeeding in getting the required number. Of course, the advertisement was a joke, and whoever inserted it never expected to see any one persevere in collecting the million stamps. Our customer, however, was not discouraged, and finally became so interested in completing the collection that she interested all her friends and acquaintance in the cause, and people used to send her stamps from all parts of the country. We paid twenty-five dollars for the lot. Here are foreign stamps that we sell for one hundred dollars a million," continued the dealer as he opened several wide, deep drawers filled to the top with used postage stamps of foreign countries. "These comprise about fifty varieties of the commonest stamps in use, principally English, French, German and Italian. They are not worth any more than ordinary two and three cent United States stamps in our business, and we can afford to sell them cheap. They are sent to us by the bushel by the agents and collectors whom we have in all foreign countries, and we simply take them as they come. The rarer varieties are all sorted out and placed in catalogues, but the mass are dumped into these drawers and sold by the bulk. In valuable collections nearly all the stamps are unused, and in many instances the collector will pay high prices for specimens of the first proofs taken from the die. A very good collection of used stamps, including all stamps issued, except the very rarest, can be made for one hundred dollars. Sometimes five hundred dollars will be paid for a rare stamp when only a very limited number are known to be in existance. But this does not occur often. The number of postage stamps which have been issued by countries since 1840 when they first came out into fashion with the penny-post in England, is something over five thousand. There are hundreds of stamp dealers in this country and the number of stamps sold andually, to collectors, is up among the millions."

FIND NEW NAMES

In some old-fashioned families the practice still prevails of retaining the same set of Christian names from generation to generation, with a natural result that each member of one of these families is constantly subjected to the inconvenience of being mistaken for his father or his cousin. In the giving of names, considerations of sentiments ought always to give way to those of convenience. It is satisfactory to observe that the very commonest of our Christian names are fast loosing their excessive popularity, and that the custom of giving double names, and that of using surnames as Christian names is decidedly becoming more general. These useful innovations are especially to be recommended to the Smiths, the Browns, the Joneses, and all other posessors of excessively common surnames. We may reasonably hope that, in a generation or two, there may no longer be any plain John Smiths to lament the inconvenience of bearing a name which is pretically "no name at at all." Although as a rule it is well to avoid anything very eccentric or unusual in the choice of a Christian name, it may fairly be allowed that those families which have extremely common surnames are entitled to a dispensation from this general law.

AN OPERA GLASS.

The power of opera glasses is from two and a half to five times that of the average eye. That is to say, if you are forty feet away from the stage, an opera glass will put you on the same footing with those who are from eight to sixteen feet away. There are several simple tests of the power of the opera glass. The most convenient one, perhaps, is to pin a card on the wall and to look through the right barrel of the glass with your left eye. The difference between the actual distance as measured by your right eye and the apparent distance as measured through the glass, will represent the difference between your eyes and the glasses. Of course, this is only an estimate, but a fairly accurate and sufficient one can be made. The field glasses which many people bring to the theatres range in power from six to nine times that of the eye.

To enter safely into the marriage state, the contracting parties should understand human nature, and above all, their own dispositions, and then compare them frankly and candidly.

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ELIZABETHAN MEDICINE.

The housewife was the great ally of the doctor in the days of good Queen Bess; in the still-room the lady with the ruff and farthingale was ever busy in the preparation of cordials conserves, cooling waters and simples. "All the herbs and flowers of field and garden passed through her white hands." Poppy water was good for weak stomachs; mint and rue-water was efficacious for the head and brain; and even walnuts yielded a cordial. Then there was cinnamon water, and essence of cloves, gilly-flowers and lemon water, sweet marjoram water, and spirits of ambergris.

Some of the remedies gravely believed in in those days will make the reader smile. Who would suppose nowadays that the herb called shepherd's pouch held in the hand would stop the bleeding of a severe sword wound, or a dram of scrapings from a human skull taken daily in white wine stay hemorrhage? Lady Macbeth's doctor would have composed a poultice of pounded garden snails, while a quart of ale, dram of treacle, handful of rue, and a spoonful of tin shavings, boiled together, composed a remedy against the bite of a mad dog. The plague remedies were very numerous, and in all probability never effectual; if the patient recovered at all he had to thank his own constitution. One of the plague waters is composed of rue, agrimony, wormwood, sage, ringwort, pimpernel, marigold, feverfew, sorrel, rosemary, angelica, burdock, green walnuts, shredded into a kind of salad, and mixed with roots. These were infused for three days, covered close, and then distilled. "Some think," says old Burton, "physicians kill as many as they save, and who can tell how many murders they make in a year, that may freely kill a man and have a reward for it." Who, indeed, especially if allowed to prescribe as above? But Burton, who wrought over sixty years after the death of Elizabeth, recommends as infallible a human skull ground to powder, the corns in a horse's legs, and a wolf's liver.

The whole system of medicine in the days under review was founded on a series of curious theoretical views, partly those of Paracelsus. This physician divided the body into humors and spirits; the humors were blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy. Courage was supposed to have its seat in the heart and stomach, reason in the head, and passion in the liver; a white-livered man was a coward, and he who would not fight had not a stomach for fighting.

KANGAROOS AND RABBITS.

A rabbit is an object of great interest to children, while the kangaroo is justly regarded as one of the most curious of all the lower species. But in Australia both of these animals are looked upon as unmitigated curses. Their fecundity is so great that they fairly overrun the country, and annually put all the crops in peril. There are no lions, tigers, leopards or panthers in Australia, in short, no carniverous animals to feed upon the kangaroo in case they should get too numerous. In former times there was a species of wild dog who was the enemy of the kangaroo, but he had an unfortunate taste for mutton, and Australia is the greatest grazing country in the world. So the people waged war against the dog, and now they have their reward in such enormous numbers of kangaroos and rabbits that every crop is put in danger by them. They are slaughtered in vast quantities. Kangaroo hunts are constantly under way, but the animal multiplies more rapidly than it can be killed off. Killing kangaroo is poor sport. They cannot fight nor be followed by dogs and horses; they must be headed off and shot in passing. A gang of kangaroos unobstructed would ruin a large farm in a few hours. Frederick the Great once said that he never could understand why the Almighty put so much sand in Prussia, and the Australian farmers are quite a much puzzled to account for the kangaroos and rabbits in their country.

TABLE CUSTOMS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Very few housekeepers set tables. You are served in the morning before you get out of bed with a cup of coffee as good as can be found anywhere in the world, and some bread or little Creole pie-crust cakes. There is no trouble about your meals. There is a restaurant on every corner or so, or you can have your meals served hot, and at the most reasonable rates. As a general thing, however, they do not "go in heavy" for breakfast. Your coffee is supposed to satisfy you until midday, when you take a slight lunch at some saloon. About six in the evening you sit down to the big meal of the day. Supper there is none, unless you drop in at the theatre, after which you eat something light. This, at least, you will find the natives doing, and those who have been visiting New Orleans each winter for some years will tell you that it is the most comfortable way to live there and best suited to the climate.

The word gentleman, which, like the word Christian, must hereafter characterize the present and the few preceding centuries by the importance attached to it is a homage to personal and incommunicable properties.

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Mrs. Mary Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with asthma and bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until last Oct. she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 pounds in a few months.

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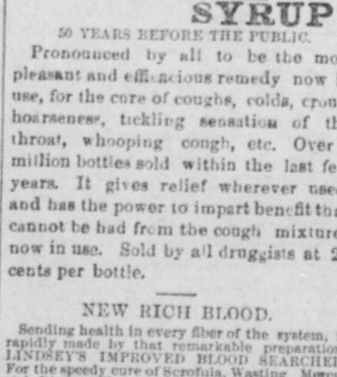

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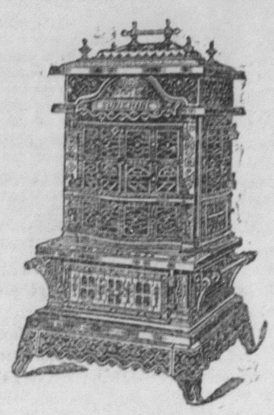

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J. D. MURRAY,
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Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

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THE BEST TONIC

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

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It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

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Read what the people say concerning the ability of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil to cure asthma, catarrh, croup, colds etc. Mrs. Dora Koch of Buffalo, says: "For croup it is decidedly efficacious." [Mrs. Jacob Meillsor of Marion Ohio, says the same thing.] S. S. Graves, Akron, N. Y., writes: "Had asthma of the worst kind, took one dose of Thomas' Eclectric Oil and was relieved in a few minutes. Would walk five miles for this medicine and pay $4 a bottle for it." Druggist C. R. Hall, Grayville, Ill., says: "Cured an ulcerated throat for me in twenty-four hours." "Sat up in bed and coughed till the clothing was wet with perspiration. My wife insisted that I use Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The first teaspoonful RELIEVED me." E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, N. Y., Thomas' Eclectric Oil is also a Tip-Top external application for rheumatism, cuts, scalds, burns, bites, bruises, etc. When visiting the druggist, ask him what he knows of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; if he has been long in the drug trade, be sure he will speak highly of it.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that do not cure, that a positive, sure, and

NEVER-FAILING CURE

will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *Is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other,* for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease* and **Cures.** Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the **Best Blood Purifier** in the market. **For sale by Druggists generally.** Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.

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PROFESSIONAL DIGNITY.

Doctors are fond of talking about the dignity of the profession, and do their best to uphold it. An eminent London physician once told me, in conversation, that he makes a point of never thanking his patients for his fee when he takes it, but simply pockets it as a matter of course as his due. I presume he would similarly disdain to ask for it should the patient depart without offering to pay. They sometimes do this. A friend of the writer, who was once treated thus by a lady richly attired, stopped her just as she was making her exit, and in the blandest of terms begged to be allowed to look at the prescription again for a moment. He looked at it a few seconds, and then, tearing it across, threw it into the fire. "Ladies in silks and satins," he said, "can generally afford to pay," and calmly rang his bell for his servant to usher in the next patient. Doctors occasionally get the worst of it, though, when they stand too much on their dignity with patients. A local practitioner in a country town was one day sent to visit a child in the family of one of his patients. On arrival he found his little patient had been ailing for some days, and asked why he had not been called in before. "Oh," said the mother, "we have been giving it a bottle of E——'s stuff," mentioning a patent medicine prepared by a veterinary surgeon well know in the country, and a bottle of which she had obtained at the chemist's. "What!" exclaimed the doctor, "expect me to attend after a horse doctor?" and he marched off in great indignation. The father of the child was a baker, and supplied the doctor's family with bread. Next day no bread was delivered at the doctor's house. The doctor's wife put on her bonnet and shawl and went out to call on the baker respecting the omission. On entering the shop she saw the baker's better-half, and politely intimated that she had called to say that no bread had been left as usual, and she would be glad to have some sent. "Oh, no," was the reply, "your husband won't attend us as a doctor, so we sha'n't supply him with bread," and they didn't. The doctor was forced to deal with another and inferior baker, as similarly the baker had on the previous day been forced to send for another doctor.

SPIRITUALISTIC TRICKS.

With regard to ghosts, nothing is more simple than to deceive half-a-dozen credulous persons by making them believe that they are in the presence of spirits. It is the easiest of easy tricks. It is done either by the medium personating the ghosts, or by means of a confederate. The medium requests his dupes to sit in a circle, and one grasps his right hand and another his left. The medium then writhes, and manages to slip away, leaving the two to hold each other's hands, which during his contortions, he has brought together. The rest, of course, is not difficult.

The spirit-hand trick is performed in this way: the medium puts a hand made of a stuffed glove up his leg, and attached by an elastic string to his waist. When the dark seance commences, he gets the hand down to the end of his foot to the opposite side of the table at which he is sitting, and waves the stuffed glove about. If a little phosphorus is rubbed on it, the effect is better. When the performance has been gone through, all that the medium has to do is to let the hand spring back underneath his trouser. The floating trick is performed by taking off the boots and putting the hands in them. The hands are then waved above a person's head, who grasps the boots and feels the arms of the coat, which he takes for legs. Of course, so long as people are prepared to pay money for witnessing these tomfooleries, knaves will be found to practise them.

BURIED ALIVE.

The writer of a paper recently read before the French Academy of Medicine expresses the opinion that one in every 5,000 persons is buried alive, while official statistics show that the mortality among sailors from shipwreck averages one in every 4,000. The question has of late been much discussed by the medical body just mentioned, and it seems to be settled that none of the accepted indications of death, with the single exception of the unmistakable decomposition of the body, are to be regarded as perfectly conclusive. It is certain that the possibility of such a frightful death weighs on the minds of many of the French, as, according to a recent declaration of the President of the Chamber of Notaries, express instructions are given in one will out of every ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the coffin is screwed down.

As a matter of fact, and in spite of its having carried Mahomet in four leaps from Jerusalem to Mecca, seven miles an hour is the camel's pace; nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is about five miles an hour—a slow pace, beyond which it is dangerous to urge them, lest, as Asiatics say, they might break their hearts and die literally on the spot. When a camel is pressed beyond this speed, and is spent, it kneels down, and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies. A fire under it nose is useless.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

DRAWING DRAFTS ON THE FUTURE

A man in China endowed with much forethought can make some provision for his own future comfort. The priests have considerately organized a bank for the spirit world. To this the provident may remit large sums during their lifetime, and can draw on the bank as soon as they reach the dark country. The priests periodically announce their intention of remitting money on a certain day, and invite all who have any to deposit to bring it. All who feel doubtful of the generosity of their next heirs accordingly come and buy from the priests as much as they can afford of the tinfoil paper money which is current among the spirits. It is an excellent investment, as for a handful of brass cash, altogether worth about one penny, they will receive sycee, *i.e.*, the boat-shaped blocks of silvery looking tinfoil, bearing a spiritual value of about $30. Paper houses, furniture, and clothes may in like manner be purchased and stored beforehand in the happy security that neither moth nor rust shall corrupt them, neither shall thieves break through and steal. When the depositor (probably a poor coolie or an aged beggar) has invested his little savings in this precious rubbish in the ecclesiastical bazaar he delivers it to the priest, together with a sum of real money as a commission. For this the the priest gives a written receipt. All this din is thrown into a large boat. It is a framework of reeds and bamboo mast, and its sails and planking are of paper. When all the depositors have made their payments, the priests walk several times around the boat, chanting some incantation, then simultaneously set fire to both ends, and the paper fabric vanishes in a flash of flame. The priests bid the depositors keep their certificates with all care, and give them to some trustworthy person to burn after their decease, whereupon the said certificates will reach them safely in the the dark world, and they can draw their money as required. All this seems to be implicitly believed by a whole great nation, who in all other respects are probably the most astute business race in the world. Such is the great power of a groveling superstition.

THE MEXICAN IN HIS GLORY.

A Mexican grandee in equestrian costume is the most stunning sight to be seen in the entire country. He often, including his saddle, wears a thousand dollars worth of clothes, and things. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet he is a thing to be admired and wondered at. Beginning at the top his sumbrero costs anywhere from $50. to $150. No thoroughbred gentleman ever wears one worth less than $25, and even the man who blacks your boots has as much and sometimes more than that invested in his hat. A friend of mine, who was away all summer, paid his footman, or "portero," $42 back wages on his return. The fellow spent $35 for a sombrero and gave the balance to his family. Then the equestrian has a handsomely embroidered velvet or cassimere jacket, a pale pink sash, a silver-mounted revolver in a silver-mounted belt, a sword that is worth $50 or $75, with loops or chains down the seams of his trousers, which are often of leather. Then his silver spurs and patent-leather boots sit gracefully upon a silver-plated stirrup, which is attached to a saddle that may be worth anywhere from $50 to $500. Suits for boys ten and twelve years of age, with a full outfit, from sombrero to sword, can be purchased, and are often seen on dusky youngsters riding out with their papas or grooms.

CAUTIONS IN TAKING STIMULANTS.

1. Never take stimulants in moments of extreme exhaustion. That is precisely the time and state when there is especial peril of discharging the last remains of energy and leaving the nervous centres too exhausted and powerless to recuperate. There is in nervous action, as in mechanical motion, a dead point at which inertia becomes imminent. 2. Never take more of the stimulant than will suffice to stir the energies gently. If you want to incite a horse to action you must not whip him more than will suffice to rouse him. If more than this be done strength will be exhausted by irritation. 3. Never forget that stimulants are excitants, and only when they excite to recuperation—i, e., to the formation of new reserves of strength—as well as to the consumption of the strength in hand, can they be useful or even false. 4. Never persist in the use of stimulants for the alleviation of feelings of mental or muscular weakness or weariness. If the relief obtained is followed by "depression of spirits," "coldness of the feet," or "prostration," either of mind or body; because when these consequences ensue after a temporary revival of tone and power it is manifest that the recuperative faculty is either not properly stimulated or is itself exhausted, and harm instead of good is being done by the stimulation.

Wretched he, I say, whose honor is ever apt to be startled, and thinks that everybody at a league's distance observes the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat and his threadbare cloak, and even the hunger that consumes him.

——Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value Greatest bargains at Bee Hive.

Chronic Dysentery.

Mr. James Brannan, Second avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For two years I have been constantly troubled with a chronic diarrhœa, or dysentery, having had, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five passages every twenty-four hours, and every one bloody. I had thoroughly tried all the prominent physicians in Pittsburgh, was twice in the West Penn Hospital, the first time thirteen weeks, and though I left it much better, yet in five days I was as bad as ever. I then tried two other great doctors in this city, and one of them finally assured me I was not long for this world, and advised me to write to my friends about it. I next went to Dr. Hartman, without the least confidence that he could do anything for me. He examined me, smiled, and said, he could stop the bloody discharges in less than two weeks, which he did with PERUNA, and I have now been entirely well for several weeks, and never felt better in my life, though I am still taking his PERUNA. I will take it whenever I need medicine.

Mr. Patrick Burns, Pittsburgh, writes: "I have suffered intensely from piles and chronic diarrhœa. I was treated by five of the best physicians and surgeons in the city of Pittsburgh, and with all grew constantly worse. Finally three of them said my only hope was an operation. This frightened me, and I went immediately to Dr. Hartman, who has entirely cured me with PERUNA. I have been at work now for three months, and never in my life felt better. Call and see me at corner of Twenty-seventh and Mulberry streets, Twelfth ward, Pittsburgh."

Mr. Patrick Cunningham, S. S., near Sidney street, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For five years I have suffered inexpressibly from internal and external piles. I have tried the best physicians of Pittsburgh and Allegheny without relief. I went to Dr. Hartman, who cured me without detention from work with PERUNA."

Charles Frank, of Emrichville, Jefferson county, Ohio, writes: "I had piles and fistula in ano for four years. I had suffered constantly with a discharge of matter from the parts, and sometimes from the contents of the bowels through it. I could not have borne it much longer. I had heard so much of the ill effects of a knife operation that I resolved to go to Dr. Hartman. He ridiculed the silly idea of cutting it, and at once performed his own original operation without the knife, and without pain. I am thoroughly cured, though of course I took PERUNA."

WANTED! Energetic, reliable men to sell **Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES** and *expenses paid. Experience not essential. Full instructions given inexperienced men.* Address, **Le CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y.** *One mile east of Rochester.*

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFCT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.50
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Millmont	8.00	ar.	11.20	2.50	
Millmont	8.00	lv.		less.00	
Millmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.34			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.30				
Linden Hall	11.00	arrive			
Oak Hall	11.10	arrive			

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.25
Rising Spring	5.50				1.50
Coburn	6.18				2.20
Laurelton	7.30				3.40
Millmont	7.40				3.52
Millmont	ar. 8.00	A.M.	P.M.		4.18
Millmont	lv. 8.00		12.10		4.18
Vicksburg	8.15		12.26		4.28
Biehl	8.20		12.34		4.34
Fair Ground	8.30		12.45		4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M 8.35		12.50		4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25 8.55	10.00	1.05		5.25
Montandon	ar. 5.40 ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.20		ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
" "	Montandon	5 46 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
" "	Renovo	9 55 a m
" arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 45 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 32 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 05 p m
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Montandon	5 50 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
	(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" " "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
" " "	Montandon	9 37 a m
" " "	Williamsport	10 40 a m
" " "	Lock Haven	11 30 a m
" " arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" " "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
" " "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" " "	Montandon	9 16 a m
" " arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
" "	Renovo	10 05 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 35 p m
" "	Montandon	1 36 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 35 p m
" "	Montandon	7 49 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	3 05 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.		
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
" "	Renovo	10 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 00 a m
" "	Montandon	2 05 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

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A Strictly Cash Store where goods are bought and sold for Cash.

We do not think it necessary to recall to the minds of the people the instances under our own observation in which business men have been ruined by the credit system, but ask you frankly whether it is not the cause of embarrassing so many business men of to-day. Believing you admit it we desire to impress you with the fact that on and after

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26,

we will inaugurate an entire new system known as the

STRICTLY CASH OR MONEY DOWN.

By this we do not mean to say "terms cash" and sell on credit but mean what we say, and the editor of the "Reporter" cannot buy 50 cents worth unless he planks down the cash, and so the rule will apply to all alike. We next wish to show that this new system will be even more advantgeous to the public than to ourselves, as follows:

1st—Merchandise bought on credit must eventually be paid for and as there are always more or less dead accounts the merchant is compelled to add at least 5 per cent. to the price of his stock to account for his loss.

2d—On account of not getting money down he must add another 5 per cent. to pay the interest on his borrowed money.

3d—It requires one-third more work to make a blotter charge than to simply take the money and this necessarily adds another 5 per cent. to the price.

4th—Not being able to pay for goods as soon as they reach the store, (by having money in his books,) the credit merchant pays 5 per cent. more than the cash merchant.

You can add numerous reasons of your own and conclude by saying, "it is a golden idea for all," and in addition to the saving of 15, 20 or 25 per cent. on our goods we will be able to close the year free of debt.

Under the new system we offer Granulated sugar at 7c, Arbuckles' coffee at 16c, best home-made flour $1.10 per sack, White Deer roller flour $1.25, A syrup 38c per gallon, Appleton A muslin 7c per yard, dress goods 5c, best prints 6c, cheap prints 3, &c., &c.

Produce taken in exchange or cash paid when desired.

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☞ We refer to the editor of this paper. cow

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CANADIAN COASTING CAROL.

Down the glassy hillside dashing,
While the snowy spray is splashing
And the bracing breeze is blowing through the maiden's flowing curls,
What a chance there is for "mashing,"
When o'er crusted snow we're crashing,
For there's nothing like tobogganing with sweet, bewitching girls!

Down the deep descent so narrow,
Swifter than a flying arrow,
Or a thunderbolt that Jupiter in anger madly hurls—
Oh, it thrills us to the marrow,
And we're chipper as a sparrow
When we glide on our toboggan with the gay and gleeful girls!

You may prate about your dancing,
And the pleasure found in prancing
'Round and 'round with pretty partners who delight in dizzy whirls;
But for happiness enhancing
And enjoyment most entrancing
There is nothing like tobogganing with plump and pretty girls!

MY WEDDING.

How Cupid managed to send Stephen Barker after me I never could find out; but that is between themselves and is none of my business. A man good enough for Elizabeth and Janet, and all such ornaments to their sex, to lay his honest heart at my foolish little feet! I own that for a day or two the honor almost turned my head.

Then I began to consider. I had loved Norman Strong ever since I could remember, and Norman had been my friend when no one said a kind word to me. The case stood thus: I was an orphan, left to the care of an uncle and aunt remarkable for that kind of propriety that wins our admiration and awakens our hearty desire to get away from it. I had a small fortune of $25,000; that is, I was to have it if I remained unmarried until I was thirty-five, or, if I married before, with my uncle's approval.

Now, uncle did not approve of Norman. In fact, uncle never approved of any one that I liked. But with Stephen Barker disapproval was out of the question. Stephen was the great man and the good man of our small town. To have insinuated that Stephen was not worthy of a saint, a beauty and an heiress united, would have been a heresy seriously affecting my uncle's social and commercial standing. Stephen Barker's offer was therefore accepted, and the next Sunday we walked to church together.

After this public avowal of our intentions the marriage was considered inevitable by every person but me. I must do myself the justice to state that I never regarded my engagement to Stephen seriously; it was part of a plan to secure my happiness and rights. And as Stephen fully coincided in it, I do not expect censure from any one else.

I think it was no later than the third night after Stephen had spoken to my uncle that I frankly told him I thought I ought not to marry him. He asked me why, and I said: "All my life long, Stephen, I have been a crushed, unhappy girl. I have been afraid to speak, or laugh, or sing, and no one but Norman Strong ever said a kind word to me until you came."

"And you love Norman?" he asked bluntly.

So I answered. "Yes, I love him, and he loves me, and when he got the position of cashier in your bank, he wanted to marry me; but uncle said we were neither of us to be trusted with my $25,000."

"So you have $25,000?"

"Papa left me that much; but Uncle Miles can keep it until I am thirty-five, unless I marry to please him, or unless he is so satisfied of my good sense that he voluntarily gives it up to me. He will never do that."

Stephen was silent a long time, and then he said, a little sadly: "You are a good girl to be so honest with me. If your uncle could be made to give up your little fortune, do you think you could use it wisely?"

"I could—with Norman to help me."

Then we had a long conversation, which it is not necessary for me to repeat; it will be understood by what follows. There was no change apparently between Stephen and I. He behaved exactly as a lover of his age and character would be likely to behave. He sent aunt presents from his hot-houses, and he made me presents of pretty jewelry. He spent the evenings at Uncle Miles' house, and sometimes we were left alone together, and sometimes we went out for a walk. Norman came to see us occasionally on a Sunday night, and my aunt said he had really behaved with more good sense than she expected. I think she thought that if I married the banker, it might not be a bad thing for my Cousin Malvina, who was very plain, to marry the banker's cashier.

Everything went on with the greatest propriety. I had announced my intention to have an extraordinary trousseau, and this being a point on which aunt could feel with me, the next four months were pleasantly spent in shopping and sewing. Never in our little town had there been seen such dozens of elegantly-trimmed undergarments, such lingerie, such hosiery, such morning dresses and evening costumes, such wonderful boots and slippers and jewelry. We held little receptions every afternoon a month before the wedding, and my wardrobe was laid out in the best bedroom for comment and inspection.

It was about this time that Stephen Barker said to my uncle: "I understand Frances has $25,000. I wish her to have it so settled on herself, and for her own absolute use, that I propose, Mr. Miles, if you are willing, to add $10,000 to it, and buy for her the Stamford estate. It is only three miles from here, the house is a very fine one, the land excellent, and then, whatever changes come, it secures her a competency, for as soon as the railway is finished it will be worth double. What do you say?"

"I think your offer extremely generous, Mr. Barker, and of course for such a purpose I am willing to hand over to you at once Frances' fortune. The interest has been applied to her own use always. Will you look at the accounts?"

"Your word is sufficient, Mr. Miles."

So in about two weeks the transfer was safely and amicably affected, and Stamford Hall and estate were firmly and surely made over to Frances Halliday, spinster, for her and her heirs forever I must state here that I opposed as strongly as I thought right, Stephen's gift of $10,000, and his subsequent outlay of $1,000 on furniture; but both uncle and aunt said that the settlement was small enough for a man of his means, and that it would be affectation to oppose it. And really Stephen managed the whole affair with such fatherly kindness and thoughtfulness that I could not bear to oppose him.

At length the wedding-day drew near. It had been arranged for Wednesday morning, and we were to leave for New York immediately after the ceremony. Cousin Jose, who had prepared himself to look down on all the world from the pulpit, was to perform the ceremony. This showed in Jose, a very forgiving spirit, seeing that he had once looked upon me and my $25,000 with affection, and I had not appreciated the honor. However, he forgave me at this interesting epoch, and came benignly to bless my venture. He brought me as a present, a black onyx seal-ring, on which was set a cross in seed-pearls. He had offered it to me once before, with his affections and his manse, and I had then refused it. I took it this time.

It helped to swell the list of my presents, and they certainly made a good show. First there was the Stamford estate from my father and Stephen Barker, and the settled bills for $1000 worth of new furniture which Stephen had sent to make the old rooms pretty and comfortable. Uncle gave me a set of silver and aunt some fine china, both of which gifts I took care to send to Stamford before my wedding day. My cousins and aunts and friends gave me all sorts of jewelry and pretty personal knick-knacks, and these I carefully packed in the half dozen trunks which were already corded and directed two days before the marriage day.

For Stephen had proposed to send all my trunks to our New York hotel two days before we left in order that we might have no concern about them, and that I might be sure to have all I wanted on my arrival. I opposed this plan at first, but aunt said "it was eminently proper and thoughtful." So all my wardrobe except my wedding dress and a traveling suit arrived at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, New York, on the last day of my maiden life.

Norman Strong called that night and was in remarkably high spirits. He wished me every happiness, and was very attentive to Malvina. Aunt thought his behavoir charming—so unselfish—and I was also very well satisfied with it.

"I shall call you about 8 o'clock, Frances," said my aunt, and I bade her good-night; "the hairdresser comes at 8-30."

I said, "Very well, aunt," and went to my room. The first thing I did was to pack my wedding dress in as small compass as possible, and then put on my traveling costume. This done I sat down in the dark. About 1 o'clock I heard the signal I watched for. I went softly down-stairs, unlocked the back door and walked out. Norman was there. We did not speak until we were outside the grounds. There a buggy waited, and we drove rapidly to a main line about three miles off. Here we caught the 2 o'clock express, and were safe in New York and very respectably married by 10 o'clock. My trunks, which had arrived the day before, were then redirected for, Washington, and after a delicious little wedding breakfast—all by ourselves—we left for that city.

In the meantime there was trouble enough in Millford. Our flight was not discovered till near 8 o'clock, and then Uncle Miles sent word at once to Stephen Barker, who secluded himself for that day entirely. My aunt and cousin's chagrin and disappointment were very great; in fact, when I considered the amount of condolence and gossip they would have to endure, I felt that for all the slights and scorns of my unloved girlhood I could cry quits. And I had got my fortune also, and Norman and I were so completely happy! We had not a care, for Stephen had given him a $500 bill and a month's holiday, and told us to get all the pleasure we could out of it. We obeyed him implicitly.

During that month things settled down a little. I did not expect to be forgiven all at once, and I was not; but then I was in a position not to worry particularly about it. We retuned very quietly, after dark one night, very much like two children who have played truant all day and creep home at nightfall with as little ostentation as possible.

But at Stamford Hall everything had been prepared for my comfort. The fires were blazing, the gas lighted and an excellent supper waiting. The next morning Norman went back to his desk and Stephen took no more notice of his return than if he had never left it. People who had been speculating about his losing his position knew in five minutes that there would be no change. And every one took his tone from Stephen. We were treated very much like two children who had been forgiven, and whose fault was not to be thrown up to them.

That was the way the men took it, and Norman pretended to be satisfied. The women acted with a great deal more intelligence. They all came to see me, and though I did not give them all credit for the very kindest of motives, I made them all welcome. I told them about my wedding trip, and showed them my new things and I dare say the men talked everything over with them afterward.

But what most puzzled everybody was that Stephen Barker came so often to see us, and was so friendly with Norman. Some thought it was very mean-spirited in him, and others remembered that when he was very young he had loved my mother dearly. Even those who spoke kindly of him did not give him credit for half the noble unselfishness he had shown; for he would not let me tell any one that it was he himself who had planned everything about my property and my wedding.

"Just let them say you jilted me. Frances, if they please to do so. We know better, and we will keep our secret until Uncle Miles comes round."

Aunt and uncle both came round sooner than we expected. When it was known that Stephen spent so much of his time with us, Aunt Miles considered the advantages of having her daughters brought familiarly in cantact with him, and for their sakes she came to see me and gave me the kiss of reconciliation.

But as far as catching Stephen's heart "in the rebound" was concerned, she was just a little too late. Norman's sister, who was a teacher in one of the public schools of New York, came to spend her vacation with us, and Stephen fell in love with her in a way that convinced me that his love for Frances Halliday had only been the shadow of the love he had for her mother. Why, Norman himself never behaved more foolishly about me than Stephen about this little plain Ruth Strong; for she is plain—every one must allow that.

And the preparations that are going on for the marriage quite amuse me, who might have been the banker's wife myself. Dear me, I think Love must laugh at the kind of people he comes in contact with. But I hope Stephen will be happy; I do, indeed.

That is all I have to say about my marriage. I think it was rather peculiar. Some women will doubtless say they don't believe such men as Stephen exist. But let a girl, when she discovers she does not like a man, tell him so and ask his advice and help, and ten to one she will find another Stephen. How can men be chivalrous and self-denying if women don't give them opportunities? I think that is wrong, and I intend to give Norman every chance to cultivate such noble qualities.

Crops 1884 of U. S.

The wheat crop is placed at 512,763,900 bushels, valued at $330,861,254. The average farm price of wheat is 65 cents per bushel, against 91 cents last December. The December price in thirteen years has previously been below $1 per bushel but five times—in 1874, 1878, 1880, 1882 and 1883. The average in Nebraska is 42 cents, 45 in Kansas, 45 in Dakota, 50 in Minnesota, 55 in Iowa, 62 in Missouri, 63 in Illinois, 67 in Indiana, 74 in Michigan, and 75 in Ohio. The average home-grown wheat in New England exceeds $1, in New York it is 85 cents, in Pennsylvania 86. It is 80 cents in Virginia and 83 in Maryland. The price of wheat is lower than it has ever been reported by the department. It is said to be lower in Great Britian than at any other period of the present century. It is a result that is perfectly natural, and that has been predicted repeatedly in these reports, A series of crop failures altogether unprecedented in Europe stimulating production all over the world could have no other outcome. These low prices, however, will soon reduce the area and relieve over-productions.

The crop of oats this year, like that of corn, is the largest aggregate ever grown in this country. The area is larger by a million acres. The estimated product is 583,628,000, against 571,302,400 in 1883. The yield per acre as estimated is 27,04 bushels. In 1883, 28.01 bushels. The average of condition was not quite so high as in 1883. The price per bushel is 27.07 cents, a reduction of 5.03 from the price of the previous crop, and the lowest price ever reported except the average of 24.06 in 1878, when the yield was given at 31.04 per acre, and the aggregate the largest ever made up to that date. The price was then influenced by the downward tendency of corn during a series of good corn years.

Scenes in Havana.

Many and strange are the sights one may see during a walk in the streets of Havana. Every one smokes and in all places. Even the presence of ladies is no hindrance. The cigar and cigarettes are seen everywhere; in parlor, dining-room, theater and even street car. The negro women are inveterate smokers, and to see one puffing away at a great black cigar is an exceedingly common sight. In the early morning many negroes can be seen with great baskets, from four to five feet in diameter, filled with vegetables, perched upon their heads and crying their wares through the city. The weight of some of these baskets is tremendous and enough to make a fair load for an ordinary horse. The horses and mules, very small in size but exceedingly tough and of great endurance, are made to carry and draw loads of immense weight. An ordinary morning sight is one of these little horses carrying on his back an enormous stack of corn, so large, in fact, that nothing of the horse, with the exception of his head and tail, are visible. Or again, may be he is carring two immense paniers, loaded with oranges or some other fruit and a great lot of sugar cane, on top of all of which sits the proprietor of the perambulating fruit store. Sometimes the paniers are filled with small milk cans, the merchant having one for each of his regular customers. Another and quite as common a manner of serving milk is the driving of the cows into the city and milking them to order, as it were, at the customer's very door.

During the daytime the ladies of Havana are seldom seen upon the streets, and if they do make their appearance it is always with an attendant or in carriages. But as a general thing they remain in the seclusion of their homes until evening, at which time there is a grand outpouring of the female portion of the population, who, with their attendant duennas, wend their way in carriages from all quarters of the city toward the Parque Central, where on several evenings of the week orchestral music is furnished, and where on every evening a great crowd of the young beaux of Havana are to be found. The carriages containing the senoritas draw up to the curb, making the Parque Central look much as Union or Madison squares do with their rows of waiting cabs. The young caballeros cluster in groups around each vehicle, flitting from one to the other in true butterfly fashion, while the senoritas, with the Spanish mantilla thrown lightly and gracefully over their heads, cast bewitching glances from over the tops of their fans at the circle of admiring satellites surrounding them. Seldom is a person heard to shout when desiring to attract the attention of another. This object is attained by a sort of hissing noise. If one desires to hail a passing street car, to call a cab, to attract the attention of a friend, or in fact the attention of any one, it is done by a "hist." For a time this method of salutation seems a trifle peremptory and rude, but one soon becomes used to it, and in a short while is probably doing the same thing himself. The Cubans eat but two meals a day breakfast being served about 11 o'clock in the morning and dinner at 6 o'clock in the evening. Coffee with bread and butter or fruit is served in the bedrooms, however, immediately upon rising.

The restaurants in Havana are numerous. The doors are many and large, in fact, the same is true of shops and stores of all kinds; the ceilings are very high, and with their floors of marble or tile, they are in appearance and in fact exceedingly comfortable and airy. On the sidewalk in front is almost always a row of tables, around each of which is generally clustered a group of natives, apparently devoid of all care, puffing clouds of smoke from their cigarettes, and seemingly entirely absorbed in their light gossip and the great cup of very black coffee which they are invariably sipping. Except by the very lowest classes liquor is used very sparingly by the Cubans, consequently an intoxicated person is an unusual sight. Coffee is the universal drink, and great quantities of it are consumed. The Havana lottery, which receives the support and protection of the Spanish government, and is, in fact, a source of considerable revenue thereto, is a great evil and must be wiped out before Cuba can expect prosperity to dwell within her shores once more. The drawings occur as often as three times a month and always at 7 o'clock in the morning. By 10 o'clock the result is known, boys with extras rush about the streets and, for the time being, it is the all-absorbing topic of interest and conversation. The tickets are bought by every one, rich and poor alike, All are in the hopes of winning the large prize and thus be saved the trouble and necessity for further effort in the securing of their living; and so, little by little, their money is absorbed by this miserable parasitic concern, and, if they are poor, they still remain poor; if rich, they still are no richer, while the unsatisfied longing still remains tempting to further foolish ventures. Hundreds of men, women and boys peddle these tickets on the streets. They receive the small commission of ten cents for each ticket, and one is so continually importuned to buy that the whole affair becomes a great nuisan e

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Two loaded coal cars on the 24th broke the cable on the Castle Shannon Inclined Plane, at Pittsburg, when near the top, and crashed down through a platform at the foot of the incline. Fritz Belter was killed and two other men were severely injured.

—The finding and sentence of the court martial in the case of General Swaim have been approved by the President. They are: "To be suspended from rank and duty for twelve years and to forfeit one-half his monthly pay every month for the same period." The sentence of the court martial in the case Colonel Morrow, convicted of triplicating his pay accounts, was also approved by the President. He is sentenced to forfeit all right to advancement in his grade for the period of two years.

—Annie Sullivan, wife of the pugilist John L. Sullivan, of Boston, has sued for a divorce on the grounds of "cruel and abusive treatment and gross and confirmed habits of intoxication."

—Two more ineffectual ballots for U. S. Senator were had on the 25th, in joint convention of the Illinois Legislature. The Republicans refused to vote, one of their number being absent. The Democrats cast 98 votes for Morrison, and 4 scattering on each ballot.

—The Governor of Kansas has sent a message to the Legislature of that State in reference to the difficulties between the State and the Union Pacific Railroad Company. He submits a proposition from the Union Pacific Company, in which an agreement is provided making many important concession looking to State control of the Kansas Pacific Railway if the present litigation is dismissed without prejudice.

—The President on the 25th, nominated Francis E. Warren to be Governor of Wyoming Territory.

—Joseph Edonard Cauchon, ex-Governor of Manitoba, died on the 25th in Winnepeg, at the age of 69.

—Two passenger trains on the Illinois Central Railroad were run into by a freight train near Chebause on the 25th. John McInnes, of Ingersol, Ontario, was killed and nine persons were injured. It appears that the passenger train which left Chicago at about 8 P. M. was being followed closely by the New Orleans Express, the latter train consisting of a baggage car, smoker, two coaches, and four sleepers.

—A sled carrying nine boys and girls dashed into a wagon at the foot of a hill in South Pittsburg on the 25th, and all the sledders were injured, five of them dangerously.

—A sleighing party of twenty was pitched down an embankment by runaway horses, near Reading, Pa., on the 25th. All were injured, Miss Lillie Heming and Mrs. Homan very seriously.

—The cotton warehouses of W. W. Gwathmey & Co. and Vaughan & Barnes, in Norfolk, Va., were destroyed by fire on the 25th with 2400 bales of cotton. The total loss is about $147,000, and is covered by insurande

—A Salvation Army meeting in the Opera House at Newark, Ohio, on the 24th, was disturbed by roughs. A special policeman named Best tried to arrest the disturbers, and a free fight occurred, in which several persons were knocked down and badly hurt. A man named William Patterson, who resisted arrest, was beaten on the head with a club by the policeman, and is believed to be fatally injured. It is said that a mistake was made in this case, and that Patterson was not one of the rioters.

—Robert Logan, a Republican member of the Illinois House of Representatives, fell dead of heart disease on the 26th as he was entering the Assembly Chamber, at Springfield. By his death the House and Senate jointly stands: Democrats, 102, including Streeter and Haines, Independent Democrats. Republicans, 101. In order to elect a Senator 103 constitutes a quorum, consequently if the Republicans refuse to vote, as they now propose, the election of the Senator will not take place until after a successor to Logan is elected. It was first thought that after the death of Logan 102 would constitute a quorum, but it is understood by leaders on both sides that such is not the case. Governor Oglesby on the 26th, signed an order calling for an election of a Representative in Whiteside county in place of Logan, deceased, to take place March, 21st. It has been agreed to take no further vote for United States Senator in the Illinois Legislature before March, 4th.

—The Prohibitionists of Rhode Island held a State Convention in Providence on the 26th, and nominated a ticket headed by George H. Slade for Governor.

—John Davis on the 26th, relinquished the position of First Assistant Secretary of State, and entered upon the duties as Associate Justice of the Court of Claims.

—Two freight trains on the Inter-Colonial Railway, in New Brunswick, collided on the 26th, near Millstream, killing two train hands.

—The National Theatre, in Washington, was destroyed by fire on the 27th. The fire was discovered at twenty minutes past one o'clock. The theatre had closed before eleven o'clock and no one was in the building except the engineer, who escaped in his night clothes. Nothing remains but the walls, all the contents being destroyed, with the wardrobe of the Wallack Company, which had been playing during the week. The loss is estimately by the proprietor of the theatre at $100,000.

—A dynamite scare prevails in Nassau, New Providence, and the public buildings there are guarded day and night. The cause is a report from New York that a plot had been formed there to destroy the Colonial buildings.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 23d, Mr. Osborn introduced a bill authorizing Philadelphia City Councils to revise the Delaware wharf lines south of Dickerson street and north of Ann street, Port Richmond, in order to prevent wharf extension at regular intervals, which would deflect the river channel toward the New Jersey shore. [A similar bill was introduced in the House by Mr. Stewart.] Bills on first reading occucupied the evening. Adjourned.

—In the Senate, on the 24th, the following were among the Executive nominations received and confirmed. Trustees of Danville Hospital—D. M. Boyd, of Danville; B. H. Detwiler, Williamsport; Steuben Jenkins, Wyoming; B. H. Throop, Scranton; Charles S. Miner, Honesdale. General Inspector of Rifle Practice—Edward O. Shakespeare, of Philadelphia. Member of State Board of Agriculture—James Young of Dauphin county. Trustees of Harrisburg Lunatic Hospital—Messrs. Henry Gilbert, of Dauphin county, Robert A. Lamberton, Northampton county. Managers of Western Pennsylvania Hospital — Charles E. Boyle of Fayette; E. A. Wood, Allegheny; W. S. Brown, Erie. Gas Meter, &c., Inspector in Allegheny — Mr. Robert M. McKinney. Mr. Grady presented a communication from a committee of a public meeting at the Philadelphia Board of Trade rooms, in January, relative to the Senate bill, which requires real estate, national, State or other bonds as the security to be given to property owners by corporations in the construction or enlargement of their works. The committee represent among other things that the putting up of securities of the character indicated would render the completion of a railroad of any length impossible, and virtually nullify the general railroad law. They recommend that the bill be confined to cities of the first class. The committee consists of John Price Wetherill, John Samuel, A. G. McAuley, Benj. S. Janney and George L. Buzby. Referred to the Committee on Railroads. The Senate adjourned.

—In the Senate, on the 25th a number of bills were reported upon in a favorable manner, the Senate bill to repeal the 15th section of the act of June 7th, 1879, to provide a revenue taxation passed finally—yeas 43, nays 0. Mr. MacFarlane, of Philadelphia, in reply to Mr. Sutton, explained that the bill would not affect the Standard Oil Company. Adjourned until 3 P. M. At a special session of the Senate on the 25th, formal announcement was made of the death of the late Senator, Alexander Patton, of the Fortieth District, whose decease occurred last year. The usual mortuary resolutions were adopted, and remarks commemorative of the virtues and talents of the deceased were made by Messrs. Ross, of Greene; Watres, Cooper, Adam, Wallace, Hall and Longenecker. Adjourned.

In the Senate on the 26th, the bill to create a Board of Commissioners in Lunacy and define their powers, relative to the supervision and control of hospitals or houses in which the insane are placed for treatment or detention, gave rise to a long and uninteresting debate, in which members of the Board of Charities were quoted for and against the measure. Messrs. Grady and Reyburn, of Philadelphia, favored, and Messrs. Macfarlane, of Philadelphia, and Gobin, of Lebanon, opposed the bill, which was finally postponed, with a view to amendment. Mr. Upperman, of Allegheny, reported favorably from the Committee on Constitutional Reform the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution abolishing the poll tax. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 23d, Speaker Graham announced that he had issued a writ for an election on Tuesday, March 24th, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of N. C. Northrup, of Lackawanna county. The House bill to prohibit the adulteration of food and drugs was favorably reported. A number of bills were introduced. The death of Representative Falls, of Lawrence county, was announced and, on motion of Mr. Stevenson, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions. A committee of nine was also constituted to attend the funeral of the late member. The House then adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

—In the House on the 24th, the bill authorizing the election of township school superintendents was passed finally. House bill making the pay of county auditors $3 a day for time necessarily spent in the performance of their duty, and their mileage 10 cents per mile circular, the latter not to be estimated more than once a year, was passed finally. The resolution from the Senate protesting to Congress against the abolition of the National Board of Health was concurred in. The House bill to provide additional means for the destruction of the Canada thistle was passed finally. The House adjourned.

In the House on the 25th, the Speaker announced that he had issued a writ for an election to be held March 24th to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Representative Falls, of Lawrence county. The bill to change the present mode of making contracts for the purchase and sale of stocks, certificates, receipts or other evidences of property was discussed at length. Messrs. Hulings, of Venango, and Schnatterly, of Fayette, opposed the bill and Mr. Bates, of Crawford, spoke at much length in its favor. Further consideration of the bill was postponed. A message was received from the Governor approving the resolution urging upon Congress the speedy passage of the bill to place Gen. Grant on the retired list. The reading of the message was greeted with applause. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 26th a number of bills were introduced and Mr. McCullough presented a bill from the broom manufacturers of Philadelphia, withdrawing their objections to the appropriation for the Pennsylvania Working Home for Blind Men for the reason that the substantial ground of complaint had been removed by the proposed discharge of broommakers, etc. The act to provide for the better security of life and limb in cases of fires in hotels and other buildings was amended on second reading by Mr. Stewart, of Philadelphia, to require iron stairways to be built on the outside of buildings. The bill was then laid over, and the House adjourned.

THE OLD ATTIC ROOM.

I remember the dear old attic room,
Where I slept when a little boy,
In the farmhouse over beside the hill,
When life was a perfect joy.
I remember the chairs so old and quaint,
And the bed whereon I slept,
And the chest of drawers beside the door,
Where the apples were always kept.

I remember well how the early sun
Through the window small would stray,
And how the bird in the tree outside
Would warble his morning lay.
And how my mother's "Time to get up!"
On my heedless ear would fall,
And the unpretentious print that hung
So crookedly on the wall.

I remember the ceiling, cracked and low,
Where the bunches of peppers hung,
And the old green curtain that wouldn't roll up,
But in every wild breeze swung.
I remember the barrels with stovepipes filled,
And various other things,
And the memory of this dear old room
Remembrance also brings

Of the nights I had of innocent rest,
What wouldn't I give to be
Again in those rosy, boyhood dreams
A wanderer, happy and free?
And on its carpetless floor to romp,
A merry and boisterous boy,
And see my little sister play
With her latest painted toy?

The room was not fair to look upon,
But to me 'twas a jolly nest,
Ah, that now as then I could lay me down,
Its tired and willing guest,
And dream the dreams that then I dreamt,
In the nights so cool and still,
On the homely bed in that attic room
In the farm-house by the hill!

A HOSPITAL ROMANCE.

It is the height of the London season, we are in the thick of it—at least, as far as we can well manage to push ourselves. That is to say, we have taken a house in a good neighborhood, and have induced a titled country acquaintance to introduce us at court, and then to appear at our over-crowded receptions for a few minutes, on her way to some more fashionable entertainment; for there is no doubt about it—we are not in the highest circle, our friends are not the *creme de la creme*, though very charming and well-connected in their way.

Aunt has managed, indeed, lately, to add to her visiting list a baronet, two countesses, and a marquis, in addition to the friends who introduced us.

The baronet is rather weak and silly, but is, I believe, *sans reproche*, is not bad looking, and has a good property. He is regarded as the treasure trove of my eldest cousin Louise. The countesses are rather out-at-the-elbows, and one of them is a little doubtful. The marquis is better known at Newmarket than at St. James', is rather shaky in the morning after a fashion which is suggestive of potations over night, and his language is more or less garnished with slang. But then he is a marquis, and the pains taken to secure his society and that of the out-at-the-elbow countesses, are worthy of a better cause. However, my aunt is content, and talks of her aristocratic *coterie*.

Upon this happy state of things a thunderbolt has fallen. I am ill, and the doctor, having been called in, pronounces the ailment scarlet fever.

"Nothing to be alarmed about, my dear madam," he says blandly, "only a slight attack; we shall have the young lady around in no time;" and with a kindly smile he goes away.

"Nothing to be alarmed about!" cries my aunt hysterically, regardless of my feverish state. When this horrid fever will spread through the house, and we shall be tabooed ever so long—when it will quite spoil Louise's prospects—for Sir Robert was going to propose—I know he was—and now he will not see her for months!"

"He is not worth regretting," I venture, "if he could forget her in so short a time."

"You know nothing about it child!" sobs my aunt. "These people of rank have so many temptations. I have tried so hard to make up a nice little circle, and, now that I have done so, it is too bad to have everything spoiled. I must say it is very inconsiderate of you, Rose. I shall get you a nurse, but I cannot risk the precious health of my children by going in and out to see you myself."

So she too takes her departure, and I am left alone.

I twist and writhe in bed. What am I to do—how endure this trouble? I have no home, poor litttle desolate waif that I am! I have been my aunt's ward until within the last few months, when, being eighteen, I ceased, by the terms of my father's will, to be a minor. I am not poor in money, for I have five hundred a year; but, oh, how poor I am in that love which makes earth's true riches! Would that I might die, and lie down by my dead mother's side, and trouble no one any longer!

Suddenly a bright thought flashes through my brain. When we first came to town, the housemaid had the measles, and was sent to the fever hospital. Why should I not go there—not a ward, of course, but a private room? No sooner thought than acted on. I scribble a hasty note, ring the bell, and ask the servant who answers, to take it at once to Dr. Traill. He is fortunately at home, and comes immediately.

"What is it, my dear?" inquires the old gentleman, very kindly. "Not worse, I hope?"

"Oh, no, but I want you to help me."

He looks surprised.

"You must see that I am in the way here," I continue hurriedly, "that my aunt is afraid I shall infect the household, or, at any rate, shut her out from society. It is not my fault!" And I begin to sob.

"My dear, my dear," and the kindly old face smiles down on me as I fancy my father's might have done—the father, whom, save in my dreams, I never saw—"you must not fret. These things are ruled by a Higher Power. Our part is to suffer with patience and with hope."

"I want to go to the fever hospital Doctor. Could you not manage it for me? Telegraph or something—please do! I shall go mad if I stay here!"

"But what will your aunt say? Have you consulted her?"

"Oh, no; she will pretend to be annoyed; but she will be glad—I know she will. And, Doctor, please send the ambulance," I continued.

"No, no," he answers; "sha'n't want that in your present stage. You can infect nobody. My carriage is at the door. I shall send one of your servants to help you dress, and put up a few things for you—your worst, remember. I shall drive in the meantime to the nearest post office, send the telegram, and come back and take you myself."

I know that he can ill spare the time—time that means money—and I am very grateful to him for his ready help.

In due time we arrive at the hospital, and wait in the head nurse's sitting-room. The resident doctor comes, pronouncing my case to be, as Dr. Trail says, one of mild scarlet fever, but adds the unpleasant intelligence that there is no private room vacant on the women's side, and that I must go into a ward. But Dr. Traill says:

"Have you no room on the men's side in which she could go?"

"I do not like putting ladies there; but if you wish it———"

"I do wish it. This young lady's friends would not approve, I know, of the other plan, at all."

And so I am half led, half carried along stone passages, up a flight of stairs, and deposited in a chamber where a fire is burning brightly.

"This room was intended for another patient, whom we expect this evening," says Dr. Browne, "but I shall give orders to have the next one prepared for him."

I am soon in bed. Dr. Traill comes to say good-bye promising to see me soon; and I am left alone.

I cry and laugh by turns, now overcome by my exceeding loneliness, now struck by something very absurd indeed about the whole affair.

The new patient arrives, and I wonder vaguely who he is. I am restless, miserably feverish, and the doctor orders me a draught, whereupon I sleep heavily, and awake somewhat refreshed. My case is a very mild one, as I have said, so there is nothing for it but to lie in bed and take fever diet—to lie till I am weary of the wooden wainscoting, the pale blue painted walls. To relieve the monotony I began to chatter to the nurses; if one has any latent love of gossip in one's nature—and what woman has not?—life in a hospital will develop it.

"Who are my fellow sufferers? What are they like? Are they very ill?"

So I inquire, and learn that the two private patients down stairs, are young—one student at King's College, the other a schoolboy; they both have the [redacted] handsome when in health, as even the redness and swelling caused by the fever, have been able entirely to disfigure him. He holds possession of my mind. His name pleases the romance of eighteen, the description takes my fancy, and I dream of him, long to see him, listen for the faint sounds of his voice, and, when Dr. Browne tells me that he has been in the Zulu campaign, and that he has been wounded there, I think of him as a hero,

I long, as I say, to see him. I do so all too soon. The evening of the second day draws to a close, and the night nurse looks sad and worried, for the school boy down stairs is very ill indeed, and she can scarcely leave him, and Major McDonald is restless and uneasy.

After a time, I fall into a doze—how long I know not; but, when I awake, I am not alone. Some one is sitting by the fire, which is blazing brightly, and the gas is turned full on. The figure moves; it is a man—not the doctor, but a tall, powerful man in a dressing-gown. I catch a glimpse of a well-cut profile as he half turns listening. He holds a knife in his hand, for I see the glitter of the steel. Involuntarily I move slightly, and he starts to his feet. What a face! Even though disfigured now, with unshorn beard and the redness of fever, the expression was a brave and a good one. Delirium gleams in his eyes, and gives strength to his uplifted arm, which grasps the knife.

"Alone, alone," he mutters, "amongst fiendish Zulus, and my sword broken; but I shall not die unavenged!"

He springs to my bedside, his arm raised above me, and the cruel steel glittering in the air.

They tell me that I am brave. Thank heaven my courage does not fail me now, or his life might be poisoned by an undying regret! I speak softly:

"Major McDonald!"

"Who calls?" he cries. "That is an English voice! Is there any one here in distress?"

"Yes," I answer. "I am very ill—wounded. I am not a Zulu, but an English soldier."

He takes my hand in his, and looks at it tenderly.

"How small and delicate," he says. "You must be very young. Only a little drummer! Have courage, my boy! I shall not forsake you, and shall carry you to a place of safety, if possible; if not, we can die together. But hark! Here is the foe in full force!"—and he stands near the door, with his head thrown back, his arm upraised to strike.

I know who is about to enter—it is the head night nurse, who has heard the noise in my room, and is coming up—and unless I can turn him away, her fate is sealed, for he has in him, for the time being the strength of twenty men.

I call out feebly:

"You are wrong! That is the ambulance nurse; you would not harm her! There is the foe!" and I point to the corner where my gown is lying, presenting somewhat the shape of a human figure.

He dashes at it with a deep, vengeful cry, and the knife pierces it with such force that it snaps in two, leaving the point buried in the wood-work beneath.

The head night nurse now enters, a sweet-faced woman with golden hair, whom all the patients love. Dear nurse Branscombe! How thankful I am that cruel knife did not seek her heart!

Major McDonold turns, the sight of the nurse's face recalls his wandering mind. He passes his hand over his brow, and looks bewildered. His strength seems to fail, and he murmurs:

"I fear I have made a great fool of myself. I thought I was in Africa. I am sorry and he turns away dejectedly.

The next day I am worse—more feverish—and Major McDonald is beyond measure distressed. He recollects the last night's scene vaguely, and in his contrition sends out for a bouquet, which the nurse brings me, with his compliments—also a tiny note, feebly written, imploring me to forgive him, and to send him even a leaf in token thereof. I select a rose bud. I am too weak to write, now, and beg that he will think no more about it.

Evening comes; and cheered by the doctor's assertion that nothing of the kind can happen again, as a special night nurse has been assigned to Major McDonald, I compose myself, and looking at my sweet flowers to the last, I fall asleep, and, undisturbed by anything, awake the next morning refreshed.

I do not see Major McDonald for three weeks; nor do I hear much about him, as, soon after, a private room on the women's side of the hospital becoming vacant, I am carried over; so that only from the head nurse and the doctor, do I hear any news of him.

I preserve his flowers as long as it is possible; and, when they are thrown away, somehow the room looks lonelier. They do not all go, however, for I keep a rosebud similar to that which I have given him. I have it still, and hope that when I am in my coffin it will be laid upon my breast.

When next we meet, I am sitting in the garden, wrapped in shawls and cloaks, looking, I doubt not, a very fragile and insignificant piece of humanity. The resident medical officer comes forward, and with him a man tall and broad shouldered, who, though weak and languid now, would, in full vigor, be the ideal of a soldier and a hero. Dr. Browne introduces him

"Major McDonald—Miss Rose Morley. She does not look much like a Zulu chieftain to-day, does she Major?"

The young doctor laughs and chats, for a few moments, and then strolls away towards the men's convalescent ward. Major McDonald who was sitting beside me, now bends forward.

"Miss Morley," he says earnestly, "I have to thank you deeply for the courage which saved me from taking either your life or the nurse's, or both. I do not ask your pardon, for I have it here;" and he touches his breast.

What does he mean? Is my rosebud next to his heart, as his is next to mine? It cannot be. I am only a silly girl of eighteen, and he is thirty-six, and a gallant soldier above all such sentiment. I blush and falter something stupid, and we enter into conversation. How different it is from the twaddle of Louise's silly baronet, and from that of "horsy" marquis! I live in fairyland, from which the nurse's rouse me to say that tea is ready.

I see no more of Major McDonald that day; but on the next and the next, he sits beside me on the seat, which, though somewhat worm-eaten and brittle, seems to me, since he is there, glorious enough to be a resting-place for demi-gods. How I hate the wet days which come now and then, and on which I cannot see him! How I dread the time when I shall be pronounced free from infection, and shall be compelled, after a few weeks spent at the seaside, to go back to the dull, loveless life of so-called pleasure. I sit drearily in my room one wet day.

"No visitors," says the doctor, coming in—"not even Dr. Traill? You are not so well off as the major. He has Mrs. McDonald with him."

A great surging comes into my head, a blindness comes before my eyes.

"Mrs. McDonald!" I say in surprise.

There is a mischievous twinkle in the doctor's eyes.

"She is a beautiful woman," he says; "and it is only natural she should come to see him, is it not?"

"Oh, yes!" and I laugh idiotically and talk so gaily that the doctor stays for what seems to me hours. "Will he never go?" I ask myself.

He rises at last runs down the stairs, and I hear him whistling "Nancy Lee" as he crosses the low corridor. I rise and look out of the window. The rain has ceased; but everything looks damp and dreary. I call myself ugly names.

"Fool, idiot, weak, contemptible, mean-spirited wretch, to love a man whom I have only known a fortnight—just fifteen days! No, I don't love him," I say fiercely. "It is only a fancy which will pass away when I leave this place, and have other things to occupy me."

And yet, and yet I know its no fancy, but the love which can never pass away while earth shall hold me. And he—he has no right to act as he did, since he was a married man. He even told the doctor he was single, and the nurse said it was on the board containing his description. True, I was a fool! I took a fancy to him from the first night I saw him; but it was only fancy, and he fanned it into love. His voice softened when he spoke to me, his eyes lighted when he looked at me. Oh, cruel, cruel!

Well, I shall despise him; and I take a kind of fierce pleasure in thinking how I shall show him that I do.

It is fine the next day, and I go out in the afternoon. I resolve to be dignified—at least, so far as my five feet two, my slender figure, and childish appearance will allow me,—and I saunter down the walk, slowly and with my head in the air. It is all thrown away as far as Major McDonald is concerned, for he is not there, and, notwithstanding my contempt for him, my silly heart sinks. At last he comes striding down the path, with eager eyes and outstretched hands.

"I am glad to see you again," he says warmly. "How dull you must have been yesterday"

"Oh, not at all!" I answered frigidly. "Doctor Brown sat with me for a long time, and was so agreeable"—this with *empressement*.

His face falls.

"I am glad," he says; but somehow he does not look so. "I had a very welcome visitor, who stayed nearly all day;" and he smiles.

"Yes; I heard your wife was with you."

He flushes, and looks bewildered. I suppose he is surprised that I have discovered his treachery.

"Was it not pleasant to see my wife?" and laugh as he says it.

"It is strange," I say coldly, "that she allowed you to be brought here, and never came to see you before."

"Very," he answers dryly. "But you see she was in Naples; still it was remiss on her part—very. You would not act so, would you?"—and he smiles down on me.

Is he enjoying my misery?" Hateful idea.

"Oh, I don't know!" I answer recklessly. "I dare say I should be very glad to get him out of the way for a time."

A pained look comes into his face.

"You don't mean it?" he says earnestly. "You are not a 'girl of the period'—I cannot believe it."

"Yes, I am," I cry fiercely. "I could not care for any one much—unless indeed he were rich and titled; and then I should love only *les beaux geux de sacasset*. I don't believe in sentiment."

We walk on in silence, and sit down in silence. At last he asks:

"Where do you go when you leave here?"

"I don't know," I say drearily. "My aunt says she will take rooms for me in some place."

"She will go with you?"

"No, I must go alone—at least, I shall have only a maid."

"Go alone? How old are you? Oh, excuse my rudeness, but you seem a mere child!"

A child! Is that how he regards me? I draw myself up, so as to look as tall as possible.

"I am eighteen years, four months, three weeks, and two days old," I say with crushing dignity.

"And how many hours?" he asks with a twinkle in his eye.

I feel inclined to cry, and my lips pout; he is making fun of me. He rises, looks at his watch and says:

"I expect a visitor again to-day. Will you excuse me?" Then, seeing the cloud still on my face, he lays his hand for one moment on mine. "Forgive me," he says, "little"—

I cannot quite catch the last word; but it sounds like "darling," and my foolish heart throbs. I ought to be angry; but I am not. His touch has made me glow with momentary happiness.

Half an hour passes and he comes again, accompanied by a lady. I cannot see her face; but she has a noble air and bearing, a queenly tread. They come nearer. Yes, she is, as Dr. Brown said, beautiful, notwithstanding her sixty years, her snow-white hair—the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. But she is not Major McDonald's wife; her years, her striking likeness to him, proved it, even before he said:

"Mother, this is Miss Rose Morley."

His voice grows tender as he speaks my name. The lady takes both my hands, and looks at me long and inquiringly. Did I not know that Major McDonold was already married, I should think it was the look that a woman casts on her, whom she believes holds the key of her son's happiness. Apparently the scrutiny is favorable, for she draws me towards her, kissing my brow. The caress touches me and I cling to her.

"Poor little girl!" she says. "Poor little motherless girl! Ronald tells me that you are to be sent away alone when you leave here."

"Yes," I answer sadly. "Aunt is afraid to have me."

"I have a better plan than that to propose. I want you to come with us to Dinard, where we are going for change of air for my son." How fondly and proudly she says "my son." "I think I have a little claim on you, my dear, for I believe I was at school with your grandfather—at least, a schoolfellow of mine—Rose Dalrymple—married a Mr. Morley. I was one of her bridesmaids."

"My grandmother's name was Dalrymple," I answer eagerly.

"Ah, I thought so! But, after I married, we lost sight of each other, as I went out to India. I am glad to see you, my dear; it reminds me of my youth, and you have a look of Rose about your eyes. I shall write to your aunt about your visit to us."

Soon afterwards Mrs. McDonald rises to leave, and her son escorts her as far as he is allowed, and then returns to me.

"How beautiful she is," I cry enthusiastically, and how kind!" Then with forced gaiety, I add, "We shall be a nice little *partie caree*—you, your wife, your mother, and I."

"I am not married, Miss Morley," he answers gravely. "It was only a foolish jest; though the young lady whom I hope to make my wife will, I trust, be one of our party."

Worse and worse! The quiet affection of a married couple would have been endurable; but the fooling of betrothed lovers would drive me mad. He looked at me long and meaningly. Does he want to give me a hint that his heart is not his to bestow? Without doubt it is so; and yet I cannot refuse to go with them. I am powerless. I am the steel, he the magnet; and I cannot—cannot tear myself away.

My aunt is only too glad to get rid of me. So in ten days' time I am at Dinard with my new friends. Mrs. McDonald, who is not very strong, sits a good deal on the beach of the French bathing-place, and sends her son and myself for a daily walk. We ramble now among deep lanes; now along the cliffs, but, though three weeks pass away, there is no sign of the *fiancee*; and I am happy—wildly, childishly, frantically happy. It is bliss to me to hear his voice, to see his face, to walk by his side; the mere touch of his hand as he helps me over a rough piece of ground sends a thrill of rapture through me.

"I have heard from Anna," says Mrs. McDonald, one morning to her son. "She can come to us soon."

"Ah, that is pleasant" he answers, with a beaming face, and, turning, to me, explains, "Anna is my mother's and my favorite cousin, one of the best women the world holds."

"Here she is at last!" I moan to myself. "I cannot bear it; I must go home. I shall just wait to see her, and then go. Aunt Margaret cannot be afraid of me now."

Major McDonald and I take our walk almost in silence to-day. I am nervous, *distraite;* fool that I am, I cannot overcome my feelings! What must he think of me?

"Shall we turn! I say after a time.

He agrees; but, instead of going back, we stand facing seawards. I look up at last and meet his eyes, which have an expression in them which has often been there of late. I tremble, flush, look down, and say, in my nervousness, just what I ought not.

"When is your *fiancee* coming?" I ask, with a forced laugh which sinks into a feeble giggle, whilst I dig holes into the ground with my parasol.

"My *fiancee*!" he says, in blank amazement.

"Yes, Anna," I answer. "Are you not engaged to her? You told me the young lady who was to be your wife would be with you abroad."

"Anna is fifty-five," he says, laughing gaily. "I call her my second mother, for I was sent home to her from India when I was a child. And the young lady I hope to make my wife is with my mother and me now. Good heaven! what a child you are to have misunderstood me."

And then there is silence. I have dug a hole deep enough for a robin's grave before he speaks again.

"Rose"—the voice is low and thrilling—"Rose, I am neither rich nor titled; but I love you!"

His eyes are full of intense longing, his arms are stretching out yearningly towards me. Perhaps it would be more maidenly, more dignified to hold back coyly; but I don't—I simply fly into them with unseemly haste. He sees nothing wrong about it, however, for he holds me close to his breast, as though he could never bear to let me go.

"My own love—my darling!" he murmers.

Ah, how good, how precious it is to hear such words—to me, who has been nobody's darling since the dreary day, far back in my desolate childhood, when my fair young mother died!

Wife Selling in England.

The custom of selling and purchasing wives in England certainly can claim a very respectable antiquity, and probably is based upon the ancient laws of the Anglo-Saxons. If a freeman took away the wife of a freeman he was to pay his full weregeld, to buy another wife for the injured husband, and deliver her at his home. In the reign of Canute the law received some modification—no guardian could compel his ward to marry a man she disliked, and the money paid for her was to be a voluntary gift, and not a compulsory payment. It is not unnatural to suppose that the commodity thus obtained by money was transferable to another for a similar consideration whenever it may become useless or disagreeable to its original purchaser. It seems, however, not impossible that the commencement of the custom would be found even in times antecedent, when women guilty of unfaithfulness were either put to death or sold as slaves.

The value of a wife seems to have been mostly held in light esteem, for one was sold at Gloucester market by auction in 1841 for half a crown, and it is recorded that the purchaser frequently congratulated himself on his "bargain." Even in a commercial sense he could well afford to be jubilant, for the "lot" was attired in a new white bonnet and a black gown, the usual ornament in the way of a halter being included, which was not bad consideration for his money, let alone the lady's charms.

In the year 1859 another instance of moral degredation was furnished by the town of Dudley, where hundreds of people were assembled in Hall street one evening to attend a wife sale. The first bid was three halfpence, and ultimately reached sixpence. Her husband in his ignorance, thought that after the ceremony had been repeated three times she actually had no claim upon him.

In 1861 a wife was sold at Sheffield for the paltry consideration of a quart of beer, and in 1862 a similar purchase was made at Selby market cross at the cost of only one-half that amount, merely a pint of beer, which was thought sufficient for a men's helpmate.

The tariff would seem to be on a downward sliding scale as we advance in the century, for a case occurs, recorded by the South Wales *Daily News*, May 2, 1882, at Alfreton, where a woman was sold by her husband for a still lower valuation in a public house. The modus operandi had the charm of simplicity, in a room full of men he offered to sell her for a glass of ale, and the offer being accepted by a young man she readily agreed, took off her wedding ring, and from that time considered herself the property of the purchaser.

A Modest Domestic.

Mrs. Sam Smart advertised for a colored servant. An elegantly dressed colored lady put in an appearance. She wanted fifteen dollars a month in advance, which was conceded. She wanted a room with a carpet and a stove, where she could receive the visits of "seberal gemmen who am payin' me tenshuns." This was also granted. She was to be allowed to attend church all day Sunday and twice during the week. When a revival was in progress she proposed to be out every evening in the week. This and several other concessions were granted by Mrs. Smart, who is fanatically opposed to doing any hard work herself, and who will put up with everything from a servant rather than soil her precious hands.

"And I wants hit understood about de meals," continued the would-be menial. "I likes to eat hearty. We has to hab beefsteak or sausage ebery mornin' and for myself I want chocolate instead of coffee. Den I wants a lunch of cold ham or tongue about ten o'clock, so I kin hold out till dinner at one o'clock. I don't takes coffee with my dinner. De coffee and cakes comes about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, which will make me hold out till tea at six. De best time for supper am about eight o'clock. Good supper I wants."

"I say," said Sam Smart, who had been listening attentively with growing indignation; "suppose we keep you busy eating all the time, how much more will you charge by the month?"

A *factory* is said to have been established in Sweden for making into paper the half decomposed moss which has accumulated in many places in Norway and Sweden to a thickness of a foot or more. The substance may be pressed into boards, which have the desirable qualities of wood without such defects as warping and splitting.

Mark Twain at Work.

Mr. Clemens divides his year into two parts, which are not exactly for work and play respectively, but which differ very much in the nature of their occupations. From the first of June to the middle of September the whole family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and their three little girls, are at Elmira, N. Y. They live there with Mr. T. W. Crane, whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Clemens. A summer-house has been built for Mr. Clemens within the Crane grounds, on a high peak, which stands six hundred feet above the valley which lies spread out before it. The house is built almost entirely of glass, and is modeled exactly on the plan of a Mississippi steamboats pilot-house. Here, shut off from all outside communications, Mr. Clemens does the hard work of the year, or rather the confining and engrossing work of writing, which demands continuous application day after day. The lofty work-room is some distance from the house. He goes there every morning about half-past eight and stays there until called to dinner by the blowing of a horn about five o'clock. He takes no lunch or noon meal of any sort, and works without eating, while the rules are imperative not to disturb him during this working period. His only recreation is his cigar. He is an inveterate smoker, and smokes constantly while at work, and, indeed, all the time from half-past eight in the morning to halp-past ten at night, stopping only when at his meals. A cigar lasts him about forty minutes, now that he has reduced to an exact science the art of reducing the weed to ashes. So he smokes from fifteen to twenty cigars a day. Some time ago he was persuaded to stop the practice, and actually went a year or more without tobacco, but he found himself unable to carry along important work which he undertook, and it was not until he resumed smoking that he could do it. Since then his faith in his cigar has not wavered. Like other American smokers, Mr. Clemens is unceasing in his search for a really satisfactory cigar at a satisfactory price, and, first and last, has gathered a good deal of experience in the pursuit. It is related that, having entertained a party of gentlemen one winter evening in Hartford, he gave to each just before they left the house one of a new sort of cigar that he was trying to believe was the object of his search. He made each guest light it before starting. The next morning he found all that he had given away lying on the snow beside the pathway across his lawn. Each smoker had been polite enough to smoke until he got out of the house, but every one gaining his liberty had yielded to the instinct of self-preservation and tossed the cigar away, forgetting that it would be found there by daylight. The testimony of the next morning was overwhelming, and the verdict against the new brand was accepted.

Carl Dunder's Taxes.

"I likes to know," he said to the captain at the Central station the other day, "what you call deos men who go aroundt und make our taxes for us?"

"You mean assessors."

"Ah! dot vhas her. How many have we got in Detroit?"

"Three, I believe."

"Not more ash dot?"

"No. How many did you suppose we had?"

"Vhell! vhell! but I pelief I vhas der biggest fool in dis country! One day last vheck tree men comes into my saloon und pegins to look all aroundt und ask questions, und by und by one of 'em says to me:

"'Misther Dunder, taxes vhas a leedle higher dis year, but as you vhas a good feller we make der assessment der same as last year. Keep a leetle shtill about him, you know.'

"'Vhell, dot vhas a great favor to me, und I sets oop der beer und cigars."

"'I see.'

"'Dot same eafning tree more men vhalks in und shmells around und asks about my shtock on handt, und one of 'em whispers to me:

"'Misther Dunder, taxes vhas higher dis year, but we haf some feelings for poor folks. We cut your assessments down, but you keep a leedle quiet, you know.'

"'Vhell, dot means more beer und cigars, und I pelief more ash fifty men come into my place und tell me dot same thing. My oldt vhomans says I vhas shwindled again, und my poy Shake says I petter go to some grazy asylum. Now, Captain, vhas I shwindled?"

"You were. It was regular deadbeat game."

"And won't my taxes be any lower?"

"Not a cent?"

"Und der oldt vhomans und Shake vhas right?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Vhell, Captain, you hear me! I shall go home. It won't be two hours before some more assessors come in. Shust as soon ash deos men pegin to look on my pool tables und schmell aroundt some circus pegins mit a great contortion act! If somepody telephones you: 'Hello! Captain! Tree assessors vhas mashed all to pulp in Carl Dunder's saloon—hurry up mit some coffins!' you vhill know dot vhas me. I like to hat you come oop in person und see der corpses, und maype you like to tell Shake und der oldt vhomans I vhas not sooch a fool after all. Prepare to hear some taxes drop!"

Children Secrets.

Children should be taught to respect the secrets of their friends and schoolmates, in all cases where they can do so consistently and with a conscientious regard for right and justice. Nothing will conduce so much to render young people truthful and candid with regard to their own misdeeds or short-comings as mildness and justice on the part of those intrusted with their care. A more salutary influence may be gained over the young by touching their hearts and convincing their understandings than by exciting their fears.

The state of life is the most happy where superfluities are not required and where necessaries are not wanting.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., MAR. 11, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 5 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

ANYTHIN YOU WANT,

Either Useful or Beautiful,

AT G. R. SPIGELMYER'S

---SUPPLY DEPOT,---

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

——You can travel a day and——
——not find a nicer, cleaner, or——
——more complete stock.——
——Prices talk for themselves.——

Garmans.

BELLEFONTE, March, 1885.

KIND FRIENDS:—

We ask your attention for a short time to our Muslin Department—all the well known brands, and a great many perhaps not so familiar to you. Foolish fellows we are to insist upon you buying it of us—merely a change of money, more likely for your benefit if any. This letter costs perhaps as much as the profit on six pieces. You of course know our opinion of the press, as we each week have something new to offer you through the columns of the "Reporter." We announced an enlargement of our Dress Goods stock to at least twice the size. That meant we expected to do three times the business of former years in that department.

Thanking you for your attention, we remain

Respectfully yours,

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——The Reformed congregation thinks of erecting a parsonage in this place.

1000 yards Embroideries, and cheaper than ever, just received at the Bee Hive.

——D. A. Musser, of Millheim, has become purchaser of the skating rink in that town.

——Headquarters for clothing, boots and shoes, at reduced prices—J. D. Long & Son, Spring Mills.

——Mr. Henry Feidler has sold his store one mile west of Woodward to F. O. Hosterman.

——All kinds of goods reduced in price to suit the times; give us a call—J. D. Long & Son, Spring Mills.

——Subscribers changing post-offices this spring should notify us—giving name of old as well as new post-office. tf

An immense new line of stamped goods, Tidies, Splashers, Bureau Scarfs, &c., just received at the Bee Hive.

——Miss Lizzie Snyder will erect a 2-story dwelling house at the lower end of town, this spring. Jacob Ripka has the contract for the job.

New spring and summer stock of suitings and trousering, just received at the merchant tailoring department of the Bee Hive.

——Rev. Land, of Turbotville, will be the new pastor for the vacant Reformed charge of Centre Hall. He is an able minister.

——Michael Hess, of Harris twp., gave our sanctum a call. Mr. Hess is an active Democrat and one of the best farmers of that section.

——Benjamin Deininger has been appointed notary for Millheim. Having filled the place some years ago he no doubt knows how to fill it well.

——Wm. A. Boal, of near Earlystown, called upon the Reporter. Mr. Boal is still lame from a severe sprain of an ankle caused by a mule falling on his leg.

——Major Fisher will again have a general store started at the Far. Mills stand, which will be a convenience for the people of that section.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—Will open April 28 for the study of vocal and instrumental music. For circular address, F. C. Moyer, Freeburgh, Pa.

——Were pleased to have a call from Mr. J. D. Long, one of the leading business men of Spring Mills.

— The Mifflin and Centre county railroad has declared a dividend of 6 per cent., payable to the stockholders at the banking house of Wm. Russell & Son, Lewistown.

— The board of directors of the S. & L. R. R., have declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. We hope the L. & T. will be able to make a similar announcement soon.

——Coburn has its first musical convention this week, conducted by Prof. Joseph Kleckner, assisted by Prof. Lowel Meyer and others. There will be good music no doubt.

—Mr. T. H. Harter, the spry editor of the Middleburg *Post*, paid the "Reporter" a flying visit. Tom is doing well at Middleburg and will soon further improve the *Post*.

——The funeral of Mrs. Musser and daughter, of Hartleton, was one of the largest ever witnessed in that section. The bereaved have the sympathy of the whole community.

——John Grove, assignee, again advertises in the Reporter, the unsold property of Jacob McCool. There are some first class chances here. Mr. McCool's propety stands No. 1 in every respect.

——Doctor Alexander's sisters, of Millheim, have quit housekeeping down there and flitted to Centre Hall, where they occupy a part of Dr. Alexander's large residence. Glad to have these young ladies become citizens of Centre Hall.

——The cold weather does not have any effect on the low prices at the Philadelphia Branch—it makes them sell all the more for it. People know that bargains are always had there and if they want a suit, overcoat, or any other goods of men and boys' wear, they go to Lewis & Co. for it, as it amounts to a saving of from $3 to $10 every time.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.

Owing to the great depression in all branches, we have been enabled for the READY CASH *to secure some of the greatest bargains ever heard of in the way of Spring Goods.*

Carpets, Matting and House Furnishing Goods. In these lines there seems to have been a greater stagnation than in any other. And in view of which we can now show the largest stock in Centre county of Velvet, Brussels, Body Brussels, Ingrains, Hemp and Rag Carpets, at prices lower than ever heard of even before the war. Therefore every body who is in need of Carpets this Spring, will do well to give us a thorough look before purchasing.

Every piece bears a ticket with the lowest Cash Price per yard marked thereon. In fact we mark none of our goods in cipher or unknown characters, and then delude customers into the belief that after they have bartered down 10 to 15 per cent from the asking price, that they have secured a bargain. Then afterwards to their sorrow they find out that they could have bought the same article from 10 to 15 per cent less at the "One Price Store."

SPECIAL.—*We will offer for a limited period Pride of the West 1 yard wide Bleached Muslin at 10c, worth 14c. Indigo Blue Prints warranted fast colors, 6½c worth 10c. 200 pieces of the best Standard Prints 5c, worth 8c. 100 dozen Linnen Damask Towels 25 and 50 cents a pair worth $1 and many other articles at a sweeping reduction.* tf

BEE HIVE ONE PRICE STORES.

——Mrs. Colyer has purchased the farm of George Mersinger, south of Tusseyville.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

An elegant line of stamped goods, such as tidies, splashers, towels, bureau scarfs, etc., just opened—Bee Hive.

——Gordon & Landis advertise in the Reporter at public sale of farm stock at Mr. Gingerich's, at Centre Hall station.

——PAINTER WANTED.—A good house painter can have steady employment during the coming summer, at good wages, by calling on or addressing F. W. Weaver, Boalsburg, Pa. 11m3t

——Weather down to near zero this week, stormy but clear. The ground-hog hit it this time, but pap Smith's "last Friday in the month" is not a good regulator and may hit better some other time when the ground-hog misses it.

——Mr. J. D. Long, merchant at Spring Mills, has taken his son C. P. Long, as a partner in the store, under the firm name of J. D. Long & Son. Mr. C. P. Long is a young man of good qualifications who has already gained popularity by his service as clerk in the store.

——Overcoats are still needed, winter may last a good while yet, and you can buy any style at almost cost at the Philadelphia Branch and get a first class article. You can't get as good a bargain anywhere in any kind of ready made clothing as at the Philad. Branch.

——Our old friend Jerome Spiglemeyer, several years ago in the mercantile business in this town, now keeping store on Penn street, Millheim, has rented the Amos Alexander dwelling and storeroom on Main street, Millheim, and will move his store into it this spring.

——Samuel Nathan, colored, died at Madisonburg, the other day, aged 83 years. Samuel was a character and well known in that section. He had been reported for a long time as aged anywhere above 106 years. It is rare that a person so old as that dies at 83.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Christmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

——Lewins & Co. wish to have every man in the county wear one of their suits, and to gratify this becoming ambition they will sell suits and overcoats from now until April, at a sacrifice. Goods have been marked down so low that no competition can reach the same low figures. The Philad. Branch can undersell all others because they have their stock from first hands, and the profits of the jobber and wholesaler go to the one who purchases at the Philad. Branch.

——Gen. Beaver, Col. Hastings, Lieut. Potter and Gen. Irvin Curtin fell into our eyes during the inauguration parade, and came in for a full share of our handclapping. Gen. Beaver's horse did not unload him this time. We just felt that Centre county had enough military talent to command an army in any unpleasantness, and if we were President we'd get up a fight with some big foreign power and prove it. The Centre county boys conducted themselves nobly at Washington and kept step to the music of the drum and fife and horn. We shall agree to let them go from home again.

——One should always bear in mind that the largest and best assortment of ready-made clothing is always to be found at the Philad. Branch. The goods is first class all the time, and warranted to be as represented. The stock of men's and boys' clothing is equal to that in any of the city stores, with prices down to bottom figures. Always call in at the Philad. Branch before purchasing clothing elsewhere.

——There is trong suspicion that the burning of the barn on the Van Tries farm was the work of a fire-bug. The snow showed tracks leading away from the barn across the fields to a woods, where the fellow seemed to step back and forth between the trees to mark the progress of his work, and then struck for the Boalsburg pike. Mr. Wm. Swab's loss is upwords of $800 of which upwards of $600 may be recovered by insurance. A better evidence that the barn was set on fire is found in this, that a large crib about 6 or 7 rods from the barn, in which some implements were stored, and in which there had been no straw, straw had been carried from a stack and placed over the implements and then fired; the straw however dropped to the floor which was covered with ice and went out without burning the crib. The barn and crib were no doubt fired at the same time.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

11may1f HENRY BOOZER.

DANGER AHEAD.

A Disastrous Flood Very Probable This Spring.

The following from Williamsport *Sun and Banner* should serve as a warning to those living along the Susquehanna:

"What are you Williamsporters going to do if a sudden break up should occur in the river?" asked a citizen from Renovo last evening of our reporter. "It is hard to tell, but then Williamsport has not much to fear," the scribe replied.

"Why, I'm surprised," said the Renovo man, "for if the ice back of you breaks loose at one time and there is sufficient water to carry it along, so that it all comes down with one fell swoop, it is bound to take with it everything within its reach, Williamsport included."

By further inquiry of the gentleman from up the river it was learned that there is indeed some danger and many people are already preparing for it. In the vicinity of Renovo, and on above that place, the ice in the river ranges from 22 to 28 inches in thickness, and the stream is frozen to its very bottom excepting a few narrow channels. From Glen Union to Queen's Run Dam, which is between Renovo and Lock Haven, there is an ice jam from 12 to 15 miles in length and from 15 to 20 feet in thickness clear across the river. With the frequent thaws and freezes since the early winter break up, this vast bulk of ice has become one solid body and has all the appearances of a veritable glacier, slowly making its way down the river. Large logs and trees stand upright throughout the this jam and give it the appearance of a genuine forest. The snow up in the mountains is in many places over three feet deep and the weather extremely cold, the mercury ranging from ten to twenty five degrees below zero. The people of Renovo are making preparations to move their their household goods on short notice, if the occasion requires. At Lock Haven the people living close to the river bank take the same precautions, and it might not be a miss for people this side of Lock Haven to take steps by which they can better protect their property in case a sudden breakup occurs.

——HORSE SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale at Centre Hall hotel, Friday, March 13, twelve head of horses, all sound and in good condition. They are fine draft and driving horses. This is the finest lot of horses brought to this county for a long time.

J. C. RANKIN.

READ THIS—THE REAL TRUTH!—On taking an account of stock in store last month, Powers & Son, Bellefonte, owing to the dullness of the times, find themselves crrrying between two and three thousand dollars worth of boots and shoes more than is necessary, which they propose to close out within thirty days, at prices such as were *never offered before*, if only the people will look to their interest and call. These are not old and shoddy goods, but the pick of their entire stock, which is composed of the best makes in the country.

I caught a severe cold, and remembering you told me to use "Downs' Elixir," I bought a bottle and in less than three days my cough and sore throat had vanished. It is good. PUBLISHER New Market, N. H., Advertiser.

Please send me six bottles Dr. Baxtar's Mandrake Bitters. I never used a medicine that did me as much good as this. IRA TAYLOR, Rolland, Mich.

Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is the best family liniment made. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. mar

PERSONAL.—W. W. Royer and D. R. Sweetwood, were callers upon the Reporter. Howard Riehel, after a brief visit to his friends here, has returned to Chicago. Nathaniel Boob moves from near Centre Hall to Michael Musser's farm in Haines, shortly; sorry to have so good a citizen leave here. Wm. F. Heckman moves on the Van Valzah farm near this town, purchased by him lately. Mrs. McCormick, widow of Jas. McCormick, will make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Miller, at Tyrone, the rest of her family going with her. They have been old residenters here, and highly respected. Mr. D. Pritzman, our good shoemaker, moves back to his old home in the east end of Brush valley. H. I. Barnes, late merchant at Stone Mill, popped in to see us. Mr. Beck, of Nittany, writes us the REPORTER is the best paper in the county, and another friend from Harris writes the same—these men have level heads and sound judgments. John Snyder moves from Centre Hall to Mr. Strohm's farm near Churchville; John is a useful fellow whom we should be pleased to have remain in Centre Hall. Samuel Kreamer moves back from Potter to his old native Haines, where he purchased the Orndorf farm. Aaron Harter, engineer for the new roller mill, has already shipped his "flitting" to Centre Hall.

McDonald's Improved Liver Pills are endorsed and prescribed by many eminent physicians. They do not make hair grow on bald heads or set broken bones, but they are the best corrector of a disordered Liver yet discovered. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & CO., Philadelphia, Agents.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

A LEGISLATIVE KNOCK-DOWN.

Haines Deserts Morrison and has a Fight on Hand as a Result.

Springfield, Ill., March 5.—Just at the close of the joint session yesterday a row sprang up between Mr. Campbell, of Hamilton, and Mr. Baker, of Moultrie. The controversy was started by a speech which Mr. Haines made when his name was called in the ballot for Senator. Neither Republicans nor Democrats voted, and when the Clerk called Speaker Haines he arose and began a speech in explanation of his position. He cited at length the time he had been voting for Morrison, and declared he thought it about time to stop. He saw no show for electing the present Democratic caucus nominee. He would, therefore, vote for Richard Bishop. Mr. Campbell had spoken to Mr. Haines while the roll was being called. After Haines had made his speech Baker went to Campbell and charged him with backing Haines in this move. Campbell resented it. Hot words followed and in a moment they were thumping away at each other. The House was in an uproar in an instant. Members rushed in and stopped the fight and the house was declared adjourned. More trouble is liable to arise as a result of the affair. Morrison went to Washington, leaving Haines in charge of his interests. Haines took the first opportunity to desert him and is preparing to swing his own candidacy to the breeze.

Springfield, March 5.—At 12 M. the Senate was announced and the joint convention began, 49 Senators and 145 Representatives being present. The Republicans voted: Logan, 99; Washburn, 1. Sittig voted for Washburn. Acting Speaker Kembrough then announced the joint assemblage adjourned, whereupon the Republicans objected, claiming he had no authority. The Republicans, led by Fultun, raised pandemonium for a time, and the doorkeepers were called upon to clear the House. Finally the Senate withdrew and also the Republican members of the House to the Senate Chamber, where an adjournment was made till to-morrow 12 M. Before all the members got out the Speaker order the doors closed.

——The following persons have been drawn to serve as Jurors during the April term of court:

Grand Jurors.

Sam'l Decker, Walker	C W Albright, Millheim
Thomas Riley, Harris	Jas Ardery, Worth
R W Downing, ½ Moon	I Witmer Wolf, Potter
J C Boal, Potter	Rob't Henderson, Marion
Jon. Shank, Howard	E L Johnson, Rush
S H Bennison, Marion	Vint Beckwith, Taylor
D G Meek, Ferguson	F F Adams, Boggs
H D Yerger, Bellefonte	D J Meyer, Potter
Z T Wetrick, Howard	Jerre Shavely, Potter
J R Alexander, Spring	Geo Armbruster, Gregg
David Barree, Gregg	Allen Ammerman, Union
John Q Miles, Huston	W G Rook, Philipsburg

Traverse Jurors—Fourth Monday April

Jno Armagast, Benner	J Armstrong, Philipsb'g
Jos Powers, Bellefonte	P N Barnhart, Spring
Jos Loder, Howard	Henry Young, Spring
J C Nason, Huston	R D Ardery, Huston
G A Gowland, Philipsb'g	H H Benner, Bellefonte
J F Rearick, Gregg	Jno Graston, Howard
Wm McGirk, College	Sol Peck, Walker
H K Roy, Benner	A W Hafer, Millheim
E B Green, Bellefonte	J W Weaver, Boggs
Sam'l Ellenberger, Ferguson	Ed Tyson, Philipsburg
H H Weaver, Haines	Wm Miller, Bellefonte
W L Steel, Bellefonte	Daniel Dorman, Walker
O P Kreamer, Milesburg	H M Snyder, Ferguson
John Woods, Spring	G F Sevenson, Potter
Sam'l Ott, Millheim	Jno Harshberger, Penn
Barney Coyle, Philipsb'g	J Pennington, Ferguson
J B Heckman, Gregg	John Harpster, Worth
Benj. Gentzel, Spring	J B Brown, Snow Shoe
Uriah Shafer, Miles	Sam'l Crotzer, Potter
Archy Allison, Potter	John H Burns, Rush
Moses Gilbert, Miles	Wm Durstine, Bellefonte
Jno Ward, Halfmoon	Enos Ertley, Marion
Christ Schrock, Bellef'e	J W Gardner, Howard
	John Holmes, Marion

Traverse Jurors—First Monday May.

John H Snyder, Gregg	W L Musser, Millheim
W M M'Clintock, Potter	J L Marshall, Benner
Wm Norris, College	D H Yeager, Snow Shoe
Walter O'Brien, College	John Krebs, Ferguson
Sam'l Emerick, Union	Albert Sweeley, Liberty
Noah Gates, Benner	David Hartges, Gregg
S F Ishler, Harris	David Orr, Marion
H G Royer, Haines	Gratus Weston, Worth
J C Rankin, Snow Shoe	J H Holmes, Ferguson
Claude Cook do	Chas Gates, Halfmoon
Geo Noll, Boggs	Dan'l Garman, Bellef'te
A F Cramer, Haines	F S Lingle, Liberty
Fred Heckman, Gregg	J A Yarnell, Snow Shoe
Harvey Lutz, Walker	W H Campbell, Boggs
Patrick Martin, Boggs	S F Dorman, Walker
A B Snyder, Spring	Wm Dawson, Bellefonte
J I Curtin, Bellefonte	Jos Adams, Milesburg
John Dale, Benner	Michael O'Neal, Rush

——Sechlers & Co. have granulated sugar at 8c a pound, all other grades at lowest prices. Syrups, molasses, finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon. Fine assortment of coffees, both green and roasted. Our roasted coffees are always fresh. All the new and desirable brands of tobacco. Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in the town. Tea—Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, and $1 per lb.; Imperial, 60c, 80c, $1; Gunpowder from 60c to $1 per lb; Oolong 60c to $1 per lb.; Mixed green and black from 60c to $1 per lb.; a very fine colored Japan tea; also a good bargain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound. Finest full cream cheese at 16c per lb. As Baking Powder is coming into such general use, it is important to find which are the best value for the price charged. Our one pound pails of Baker's Baking Powder we think the best return for the money of any brand on the market. The goods will do the same work as any of the higher priced goods. Stone-ware is all sizes of all desirable shapes; best quality of Akron ware. This is the most satisfactory goods in the market. Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods. We have the new lightning fruit jar, and Mason's porcelain-lined and glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons. Fine sugar cured hams, shoulders, breakfast bacon and dried beef—naked and canvased. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell. We have fifty fine lambs in good pasture to dress for our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs, and always try to have a fine flock ahead. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times. SECHLER & Co, Bush House Block, Bellefonte.

MARRIED.

On Feb. 26, at Spring Mills, by Rev. D. M. Wolf, Matthias Weagley and Mary A. Korman.

On March 1, at Aaronsburg, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Isaac M. Orndorf and Ida M. Stover, both of Haines twp.

On March 1, by Rev. F. Aurand, at the residence of John Hosterman, in Haines twp., Edwin G. Hosterman and Sallie E. Zimmerman, both of near Wolf's Store.

On March 3, by Rev. W. H. Grob, F. S. Fishburn and Mary E. Osman, both of College twp.

DIED.

In Hartleton, March 1, Mrs. Anna Catharine, wife of Mr. James Musser, aged 46 years, 6 months, 1 day.

In Hartleton, March 2, Miss Lillie, daughter of Mr. James Musser, aged about 18 years.

On Feb. 28, at Madisonburg, of dropsy and consumption, Samuel Nathan, colored, aged 83 years

March 5, at Long's Cave, Mr. George Long, aged 88 years, 2 months.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

The following is the program for the Farmers' Institute to be held in Centre Hall, Friday and Saturday, March 13 and 14, to which all agriculturists are invited:

Friday, March 13, 2:30 p. m., Prof. Jordon: The purchase and use of fertilizers.

7 p. m., Prof. Jordan: The development of the dairy interests of Centre Co.

Saturday, March 14, 9 a. m., Prof. Jordon: The principles of cattle feeding.

10:30 a. m., Prof. Buckhout: Ornamental grounds and ornamental planting for farmers.

Opportunity will be given for questions and discussion after each lecture in which all are cordially invited to take part. 2t

☞The Reporter and the New York Weekly World, to three new subscribers, clubbing with one of our present subscribers, at $2.35 per year.

For scrofula, erysipelas, tetter, salt rheum, skin diseases, humors, sores, eruptions, pimples, blotches, swellings, tumors, boils, ulcers, scald head, ring worms, hives and all blood disorders, no remedy ever devised equals in efficacy and power McDonald's great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillain Alterative. Warranted. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

ASSIGNEE SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.—Will be sold at public sale at Grenoble's store, Spring Mills, Pa., Friday, March 27, the following real estate of Jacob McCool: A Valuable Farm of 187 Acres, more or less, about 2 miles east of Spring Mills, in Georges Valley; thereon a new two-story dwelling house, bank barn, spring house, moke house and all other outbuildings. Also a Saw Mill, with excellent water power. A never failing spring of water at the house. A large and thriving orchard of choice fruit. About 30 Acres timber land, balance is under a high state of cultivation and under good fences.

Also a 2-story Frame House and lot, at Witmer's siding, with stable, hog pen, and water on lot.

Also property at Spring Mills, consisting of House and Lot, and large sable. This property is entirely new and one of the finest at Spring Mills.

[redacted]

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of John Gingerich, near Centre Hall depot, Monday, March 16, at 11 a. m., the following property: Three head horses, 2 mules, 2-year old colt, 3 heifers, 2 calves, 5 shoats, Hoosier drill, 2 new Melburn wagons, Deering Self-binder, hayfork, rope and tackle, corn plow, cultivator spring wagon, a lot of new implements consisting of chilled plows, corn planters, etc. Three-fifths interest in 53 Acres of grain in ground. Terms very reasonable.

Sale March 14.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of D. H. Ruhl, at Potters Mills, saturday, March 14: Four work horses, driving horse 4 years old, 1 cow two 2-horse wagons, 4-horse wagon, road cart, 2 pair lumber sleds, lumber chains, 2-seated cutter, set double harness, 2 set single harness, collars, bridles, checks, halters, 2 set of new tug harness, buggy tongue, new cut-off saw, rip saw and mandrel, and other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock. A. M. BROWN.

D. H. Ruhl, Auct.

Sale March 19.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Tusseyville, Thursday, March 19: Two work horses, 3 cows, short-horned bull, 3 head of young cattle, Chesterwhite boar, breeding sow, good 2-horse wagon, plantation wagon with hay ladders, buggy, self-rake reaper, mower, threshing machine, double bob sled, lumber sled, shovel plow, corn planter, two-horse cultivator, plows, narrow, haygrab, rope and pulley, rakes, forks, cow and other chains, horse gears, cutting box, tynets, etc., also household furniture, cook stove, coal stove, good 8-day clock large size, sink, tables, carpets, bedsteads, copper kettle, barrels, tubs, meat vessels, and other articles. Sale to begin at 1 o'clock.

WM. FROM.

Sale March 13.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of Wm. Mitterling, one mile north of Tusseyville, Friday, March 13 Two good breeding mares, one with foal, black stallion rising 3 years old, one heifer with calf, Chesterwhite breeding sow, good 2-horse wagon, bob sled, grain drill, hayfork, 100 feet of new rope, pulleys, plow, harrow, corn planter, cultivator, shovel plow, cutting box, hay ladders, set tug harness, collars, bridles, rides, double and single trees, fanning mill, rakes, forks, shovels. Also ⅝ interest in a roller and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m.

JOHN MITTERLING.

Sale March 18.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, one mile northwest of Spring Mills, Wednesday, March 18: Four horses, 4 cows, 1 bull, head young cattle, 3 shoats, breeding sow, 6 good sheep, 2 horse wagon, spring wagon, Stoner drill, hay rake, corn scraper, Centre Hall corn planter, 3-horse cultivator, fanning mill, threshing machine, power and shaker, Excelsior reaper and mower combined, 2 log sleds, log wagon, 2 plows, 2 harrows, hay fork and rope, cutting box, horse gears, heavy brichbands, front gears, tynets, horse collars, check lines, wagon saddle, lot of single and double trees, spreads, log chain, butt chains, 2 set breast chains, cow chains, housands, halters, good grain drill, rakes, forks, scoop shovel, 40 gallon copper kettle, lot of seed corn, and other articles. Sale at 12 o'clock.

J. N. Leitzell, Auct. JOHN LONG.

Sale March 20.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Spring Mills, Friday, March 20: Four head of horses, 2 year old colt, 5 milk cows, Champion reaper and mower, Willoughby Drill, Centre Hall cornplanter, roller, hayrake, cultivators, windmill, cornscraper, two harrows, plow, 2-horse wagon, 4-horse broad wheel wagon, easy running, harness of all kinds, double set harness, collars, bridles, tynets, log-chain, fifth chain, and other chains, dinner bell, rakes, forks, and other articles. Sale at 12 o'clock sharp.

J. N. Leitzel, Auct. B. F. YEARICK.

Sale March 14.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Boalsburg, Saturday, March 14: One horse, lot of castings, plow-points of all kinds, 2 plows complete, buggy, spring wagon, cutter, sleigh, new bob sled, harness, landsides, lot of sled soles, fan blower, household goods, cooking stove No. 9, parlor stove, sink, ½ dozen chairs, 2 bedsteads, tables, chairs, and other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock.

Wm. Goheen, Auct. MARY A. MATER.

Sale March 17.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, two miles west of Potters Mills, on Tuesday, March 17, at 12 o'clock: Four head of horses, 2 2-years old and 1 1-year old colts, 6 milk cows, Jersey bull two years old, 12 head of young cattle, 28 head sheep, 2 sows with pig, Berkshire boar, six shoats, Johnson Harvester good as new, Johnson Mower, hay fork, rope and pulleys, fanning mill, broad wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, horse rake, sulkey cultivators, two South Bend plows, horse roller, set tug harness, set cruppers, set of double harness, collars, bridles, halters, double and single trees, forks, shovels, etc. A reasonable credit will be given.

H. C. SHIRK.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of John Tonner, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. ALLISON, 4marGt Executor, Potters Mills, Pa.

THE STRANGLERS.

Brigandage is fast dying out in Mexico, thanks to the civilization which always follows in the wake of the locomotive; but in the city of Mexico itself a band of robbers, known as "The Stranglers," are still in full security of their powers. These midnight murderers envelop their victim in their cloak, stifle his cries in its folds and then murder and rob him. Until recently they had a female decoy, who lived in the best hotels, and who would, in some way, get the intended victim to follow her until she reached the spot selected for his destruction, when a low whistle would bring a dozen robbers from their hiding place. The woman was captured a few days ago, and is now in jail, but all efforts to break up the murderous gang have so far proved unavailing.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

To All Wanting Employment.

We want live, energetic and capable agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, on its merits. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every housekeeper, it might not be necessary to make an "extraordinary offer" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from $50 to $90 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least $50 in this time, above all expenses, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. Any agent or general agent who would like to have ten or more counties and work them through sub-agents for ninety days, and fail to clear at least $50 above all expenses, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not have agents now making double the amount we guarantee, and but two sales a day would give a profit of over $125 a month, and that one of our agents took 18 orders in one day. Our large descriptive circular explains our offer fully, and these we wish to send to every one out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such they know. Address at once, or you will lose the best chance ever offered to those out of employment to make money.

RENNER MANUFACTURING CO.,
21jan2m 166 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Mar. 2, 1885.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra	30	30
" Western "	29	30
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	23
" " " "	bbls	20
Western, ex brands	"	crates 24
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	12 13
" mixed	"	12 13
" Western, straight	"	12 13
" " mixed	"	11 12
Roosters	"	10 11
Ducks, extra	"	13 14
" fair	"	12 14
Geese, extra	"	13 14
CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md., prime	per lb	7½ 8
" Fair to good	"	7 7½
" Common stock	"	6 6½
" Hog-dressed	"	5 6
Sheep, prime	"	5 5½
Lambs, extra	"	6½ 7
Live Cattle	"	3½ 4½
Hogs, fire	"	5½ 6
Pigs, live	"	5½ 6
DRESSED PORK.		
Light	per lb	6 6½
Heavy	"	5½ 6
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.		
Cabbage, extra	per 100	12 00 14 00
" good	"	8 00 10 00
Apples, Baldwins	per bbl	3 00 3 50
" Greenings	"	2 75 3 25
" York State, mixed	"	2 75 3 00
Onions, Pa	"	4 25 4 50
" Western	"	3 75 4 00
POTATOES.		
Early Rose, choice	per bus	50
Burbanks, choice	"	50
" fair	"	40
Pearl Mammoth	"	50
Beauty of Hebron	"	50
Peerless	"	50
CHEESE.		
N Y Factory, choice		13
Ohio, fat, fine		11½
Penn'a, Full Cream		8
WOOL.		
Tub-washed	per lb	28
Unwashed	"	
DRIED FRUIT.		
Apples, evaporated, in cases		6
" good		5½
" quarters		3½
Blackberries		9
Cherries, pitted, prime dry		12½
FURS.		
Bear, black		5 00
" Cubs		2 00
Red Fox		1 60
Grey		80
Minks		75 85
Racoons		50 85
Muskrat, Winter		10 12
Wild Cat		10
House Cat		10
Opossum, cased, trashed out		10 15
Rabbits		2½
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry	per lb	10 14
Calf, Salted	"	12 13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	12 13
" Cow	"	6 7
" Bull	"	5 6
" Salted Steer	"	8 9
" Cow	"	7 8
Sheep Skins, per piece		25 75
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	8 8½
Tallow, Solid	"	5½ 6
" Cake	"	6 6½
Honey in Comb	"	10 11
Country Soap	"	4½ 5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

SPRING MILLS MARKET.		
Wheat—Red		80
White & Mixed		80
Rye		50
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old		40
Oats		30
Buckwheat		30
Barley		30
Cloverseed large		5 00
Cloverseed small		6 00
Timothy seed		1 40
Plaster, ground per ton		9 00
Flour, per barrel		5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel		6 00
Butter, 16; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8½; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.		

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.00; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Mar. 9, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

	Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	38½	48½
Wheat "	77	86½
Oats "	30	37½
Pork "	12.55	
Lard "	6.92½	

SAMUEL WHITE, JR., Com'n Broker
31 South Third Street.